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T. R. Bannerman
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CATHOLIC-FOREIGN.

A telegram from Athens states that Mgr. Zaffino, Bishop of Athens, died there on Wednesday.

Father Langevin, O. M. I., has been chosen to succeed the late Archbishop Tache in the See of St. Boniface.

The Archbishop of Leros and Callimno has been elected Ecumenical Patriarch, in succession to Mgr. Neophytos, under the title of Anthime VIII.

His Holiness the Pope, who continues in the enjoyment of fair health, is busy preparing a letter to the Belgian episcopate on Christian Socialism, counselling moderation and forbearance.

Father De Groot, who has been installed in the chair of Catholic philosophy recently founded in the University at Amsterdam, is not a Jesuit, as has been erroneously stated. He is a Dominican.

Cardinal Schonborn, Archbishop of Prague, has left for Rome to report to His Holiness on the progress of the Christian social movement. It is said that he intends to propose that the lower clergy should be stimulated to exercise all their influence in dealing with it.

Cardinal Vaughan gave Benediction in the Church of St. George and the English Saints, Rome, served by the students of the English College, on the Feast of the Purification. Afterwards His Eminence visited the nuns (Poor Servants of the Mother of God) in the English Convent.

The Duc de Sora, who was lately ordained, celebrated his first Mass one morning last week in the presence of the children of his first and second wives, the Countess Patrizi, and the Princess Laura Altieri. A prelate from the Vatican attended and brought the Pope's benediction to the widower priest. The ceremony was most touching.

Mother Benedicta, superioress of the Home of the Guardian Angel, Halifax, N. S. died at the home on Tuesday, 12th ult. The deceased lady's family name was Harrington. She entered that order of Sisters of thirty years ago. She was mother-general of the order for three years, resigning seven years ago to take up the more humble, self-sacrificing position in which she died.

The following statement by Cardinal Vaughan appears in the *Diritto*: I have come to Rome exclusively on ecclesiastical and personal business. Neither the British Court nor the Vatican has ever made any communication to me in regard to the rumors of a marriage between the Prince of Naples and the Princess Maud. Personally, I do not believe such a marriage is in contemplation.

Dispatches from Constantinople state that on account of the actions of the customs authorities at Jaffa, American tourists to the Holy Land have been greatly annoyed and hindered. Complaint was made to United States Minister Terrill, upon whose representations the Porte has recalled the Director of Customs at Jaffa, and tourists will be enabled to visit the holy places a great deal more readily in future.

Dr. Rintelin, a Catholic member of the Reichstag, has given notice of his intention to submit an amendment imposing a fine of 600 marks and imprisonment for two years

upon any person who, in a public speech or in writing, shall deny the existence of the Deity or the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, or who shall in any manner make an attack upon the religious character of the marriage relation.

Bovio, the Italian poet, has incurred the censure of the Index Expurgatorius. He has composed a dramatic trilogy, and the first part of it, "Christ at the Feast of Purim," has been put on the list of forbidden productions. The presumption is that it is bad and blasphemous. The second part of this trilogy, "St. Paul," has been produced in a Turin theatre. Seneca and the poet Lucanus are characters in it, and also a young Christian woman, who impersonates a martyr.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, has issued an order, which has been promulgated in Hungary, that all the offspring of mixed marriages shall be brought up as Catholics. An abuse at one time, obtained there as elsewhere, notably in England and Scotland, whereby children were raised in the faith of father or mother according to the sex and religion. No injury or violence is done by this ordinance to the non-Catholic party, since all religions are deemed but so many roads to heaven, while the Catholic teaching of but one true religion is strictly preserved.

The declaration of war by France against Madagascar has led to the temporary withdrawal of the French missionaries—priests, nuns and Christian Brothers—the churches and schools being left in charge of the native catechists. The personnel of the mission consisted last summer of 54 priests, 15 lay brothers, 4 teachers, 16 Christian Brothers, and 27 nuns. The Catholic natives numbered no less than 136,175, and there were 448 mission stations, with 83 churches, and 277 chapels. The mission schools were attended by 26,379 scholars, and the mission also supported two leper hospitals. There had been 1,197 baptisms of adult converts during the previous twelve months.

The last portrait of the Pope is a striking sketch in profile from the pencil of a Swiss artist, M. Benziger, a name well known in connection with the great publishing house of Einsleden. The Pope is very chary of giving sittings to artists, and in all the portraits hitherto secured by pencil or camera he is without the spectacles he habitually wears. The removal of them, of course, very much alters the appearance of the face. In M. Benziger's sketch he has them on. It was made during a recent public audience, when the artist, being one of the first presented, was at once able to slip into a quiet corner in the background, where he had a good view of the Pope's side face, and where he rapidly made his sketch.

The rumor telegraphed from Rome, but probably to be assigned for origin to a more northern capital, that the Princess Maude of Wales is engaged to the Prince of Naples is denied. We anticipated this, for Italy would not brook an alliance between a descendant of a strictly Catholic line and an English schismatic royal lady. Nor would England, we fear, stand the conversion of a daughter of the Prince of Wales to Catholicism, although it might look with equanimity on her professing Russian orthodoxy or Prussian Lutheranism. The chances are that the beautiful daughter of the Heir-Apparent may go to some "wee German Lairdie" unless her father holds to his conviction that one of the solid nobles of his own future kingdom would be a more suitable match.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Guarino—Cardinal Guarino, Archbishop of Messina, is seriously ill.

Katzer—Right Rev. Bishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, had an audience with the Pope on the 21st ult.

Cronin—Rev. Patrick Cronin, editor of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, has gone South for his health.

Carson—Nathaniel Carson, of Omaha, Ireland, proprietor and editor of the *Tyrone Constitution*, died at his residence a few weeks ago.

Bernardi—Right Rev. Gaetano Bernardi, O. S. B., the first Abbot of St. Anselm's College, Rome, died of apoplexy in Monte Cassino, Rome, the mother-house of the Benedictine Order, on Feb. 7th.

O'Donoghue—Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, whose "Dictionary of Irish Poets" was so valuable a contribution to Irish literature, proposes to publish a similar biographical dictionary of Irish artists and musicians.

Enzler—F. M. Enzler, who died in Dubuque last week, was buried in the uniform of the papal guard, as a member of which he witnessed in 1846 the consecration of Pope Pius IX., and in 1867 shared in the campaign against Garibaldi.

Brennan—Bishop Brennan, formerly of Dallas, is making a stay at the basilian abbey of Grottaferrata, Rome. It is thought that the Bishop will eventually be appointed to a Canadian see. He was assistant bishop in the capital of Newfoundland for some time.

Canrobert—The death of Marshal Canrobert recalls the fact that it is to him we owe the historic remark, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." The words were uttered as he watched the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

Creighton—John A. Creighton, the founder of Creighton University in Omaha, who has recently been made a Count of the Papal Court, was tendered a reception on the 20th ult., in the large hall of the University. A large number of notable prelates of Nebraska were present.

Mangan—Rev. John J. Mangan, of St. Peter's Cathedral and president of St. Thomas' College, Scranton, Pa., died on Wednesday of last week. He was taken sick while celebrating Mass. He was born in Cuba, N. Y., in 1863, and was a man of rare intellectual abilities.

Flippard—European papers announce the death of Father Flippard, of Sudbury, which occurred on Thursday of last week at the convent of the aged and sick priests at Southampton. Immediately after his ordination in 1891 he was appointed to Sudbury mission, where he built a beautiful church dedicated to Our Lady and St. John.

Drennan—A volume of poems by the late Dr. J. Swanwick Drennan, has just been published by his children "in loving remembrance." Dr. Drennan's poems had a large circulation among his friends during his life time, and many will no doubt be glad to hear of the published volume. Dr. Drennan was a son of the Dr. Drennan of '98 fame.

Vernon—Hon. Willard Vernon has been unanimously elected a

corresponding member of the Accademia della Crusca, in recognition of his labors on behalf of the study of Dante. The Accademici Corrispondenti are about twenty-six in number, and the honor is seldom conferred on one not born in Italy. The only other English member is Mr. Gladstone.

Wolfege—Count Frederic Waldburg Wolfege, whose family has, in the course of generations, given to the church one cardinal, eight bishops, twenty-seven canons, and five coadjutors, recently said his first mass in the ancestral castle, and as soon as it was finished he was obliged to leave Germany, because he belongs to the Society of Jesus.

Kerby—Father Kerby of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, has accepted the offer of a professorship at the Catholic University, Washington. Father Kerby was educated at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, where he is now a professor, studied for the priesthood at St. Francis' seminary, Milwaukee, and subsequently spent two years at the Catholic University.

Paradis—Rev. P. A. Paradis, pastor of the Parish of the Assumption at Coal City, Ill., on hearing that his name was mentioned in connection with the bishopric of Sioux Falls, said that he had no desire for a mitre, and would sooner join the Trappists than to wear one. This is a declaration in entire harmony with the spirit of the Church, and shared by the clergy in general.

Ehrle—The nomination of the Rev. P. Ehrle, S. J., as prefect of the Vatican libraries, in place of the late Mgr. Isidore Carini, is, it is said, about to be officially ratified by the Holy Father. The appointment of Father Ehrle has met with general satisfaction, and is regarded as a signal proof of the favor with which His Holiness looks upon the great and learned Order of Jesuits, of which his late brother, Cardinal Pecci, was a member.

Onahan—Miss Mary Josephine Onahan, a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals and papers, has evidently been studying the Salvation Army, whose methods, she says, are "unconsciously Catholic"; and she expresses her belief that the salvationists "have got hold of a good deal of God's truth and are doing a good deal of God's work." Miss Onahan adds her wish that "may we soon have a Catholic Salvation Army and may we all be ready to beat the drums."

Ireland—Archbishop Ireland made another notable address on Washington's birthday at the Chicago Auditorium, where he spoke on "The Churchman as a Citizen." Doubtless exceptions can and will be taken to some of Dr. Ireland's; but no one of sense will question the assertion that a good churchman should be a good citizen. This is a broader statement of the truth which declares that the more loyal an American Catholic is to his church the more patriotic a citizen must he necessarily show himself.

Esmonde—Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M. P. of Ballinastragh, Ireland, has presented three munificent gifts to the Christian Brothers of Gorey. One was the beautiful altar which has been in the oratory in Ballinastragh House for over a century. Another was the site for their new monastery, free of all cost and free of rent forever, and the third a donation of \$200. Such generosity is indeed worthy of the representative of an historic family, whose members have ever been distinguished by their loyalty to faith and country.

CATHOLIC-DOMESTIC.

The mission given for non-Catholics by the Paulist Fathers in New York resulted in fifty persons placing themselves under instruction.

Right Rev. Michael Howley was installed as Bishop of St. John's, N. F., on Sunday, being the first Newfoundlander to attain that dignity in that diocese.

The interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is to be beautified by the addition of two magnificent altars, presented by James S. Coleman and Robert J. Huguet. The plans have not yet been accepted.

An organ has been placed in the Leavenworth Cathedral in memory of John Baptiste Miede, who was titular Bishop of the territory now embraced in the States of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado and Indian Territory.

The thirty-second annual report of the Catholic Protectory of New York has been issued. Since the opening of the institution in 1863, nearly 26,000 of the destitute, neglected, truant or vicious youth of that city have been placed under the care of the Protectory.

A Baptist preacher at Attica, O., writing to the Cleveland Universe, says of Archbishop Ireland's sermon on the Bible: "The sermon is one of the best defenses of Christianity and the Holy Bible I have ever read and should, I think, be given to the public in more permanent form."

Among the passengers who sailed last week on the steamer Bourgogne were numbered Madame Sheahan and six other members of the order of Ladies of the Sacred Heart. All are bound for the mother-house in Paris, where they will make their vows, returning to New York in August.

Right Rev. Bishop Haid, O. S. B., of the diocese of North Carolina, assisted by two of his zealous priests, gave a mission last week at Raleigh, N. C., for non-Catholics. The audiences at each service were large, and among those who attended were the Governor and many members of the legislature, the mayor and prominent citizens of Raleigh.

When Forty Hour's Devotion began at St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 17, the magnificent throne which is erected on the main altar over the tabernacle was unveiled. The throne is one of the finest that has ever been constructed in this or any other country, being inlaid with pure gold. It was recently renovated and placed in position.

Two Philadelphia societies, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul and the League of the Sacred Heart attached to St. Joseph's church, have joined forces in a movement to establish a free hospital for poor consumptives. There are thought to be 4,000 consumptives in Philadelphia, and it is further estimated that out of that number not less than 1,600 are too ill to work for their own support.

Bishop Cosgrove of Davenport is preparing for his visit ad limina to the Holy See, and will start across the Atlantic the coming spring. Monsignor Cosgrove was consecrated Sept. 14, 1884, so that he has governed his diocese ten years, which is the statutory period for episcopal visits to Rome. He succeeded the late Bishop McMullen, the first ordinary of Davenport, and he was the vicar-general of the diocese before his promotion to the purple.

General Hardin of Chicago is visiting in Rome. He attended the requiem for Pius IX in the Sistine chapel on the 7th ult. When lately received by the Pope he also wore his uniform. The general is no stranger in Rome, but after having served in the war with the South, where lost an arm, he came to Rome about the time of the battle of Mentana. He was also there about 1870 and has got the correct views about the Italian occupation of Rome.

Burglars entered St. Nicholas' Roman Catholic Church, at Passaic, N. J., on Tuesday morning of last week. After wrecking the tabernacle in search of altar plate, he attempted to open the small safe back of the altar, in which the plate and service is kept. It is thought the thieves were frightened away before they could complete the work. Father Sheppard, the pastor of the church, suspects an ex-convict who has been hanging about the church for several days.

The diocese of Springfield has its twenty-fifth anniversary to keep this year. The diocese was erected in June 1870, the year that saw the termination of the sessions of the Vatican council, and its erection was largely due to representations which Archbishop Williams, who attended that council, made to the Holy See. The consecration of the late Bishop O'Reilly, its first prelate, followed on Sept. 25, 1870; and doubtless due commemoration of these facts will be made in the diocese during the present year.

The new church to be erected by the parishioners of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Fall River, Mass., bids fair to be an architectural novelty if present plans are carried out. It is proposed to erect it on a commanding site, overlooking the whole parish, and in the midst of a desirable residential section. It is not expected that the whole cost will exceed \$50,000. It has been decided to construct the walls of concrete with terra cotta trimmings. Rev. Father McCahill, the pastor expects to commence work on it this spring, as the plans have already been approved by his Bishop.

Judge Ambrose, in the district court at Omaha, Neb., decided recently that Bishop Scannell, Vicar-General Choka, Father Jakomovich, the priest of the church, and the laymen forming the directory, had a right under the laws of the Roman Catholic Church to mortgage the property of St. Paul's Church of that city without the concurrence of the congregation. He also decided that the congregation had no authority to place in the pulpit a priest not recognized by Bishop Scannell as a Roman Catholic priest. The suit was brought to restrain Bishop Scannell from interfering with the congregation's possession of the property and from interfering with their manner of worship.

The Yale "Lit." prize is not to be awarded this year, because of all the essays handed in by the students not one was worthy of the distinction. Yale University has over 1,100 students. Every one of them is eager to play on the football eleven, no doubt, and hundreds of first-rate "sluggers," it is equally certain, may be found among the young men, but not one of them has the ability to win honor in literature. Certainly there is something wrong at Yale. It looks as if the college that allows its students to pay too much attention to athletics, will permit them to fall behind in their studies. In our "great colleges," it seems, the students prefer to demonstrate they have more muscle than brains. Why should not a chair of pugilism be established in these institutions?—*Catholic News*.

ROMEWARD.

One of the strongest proofs, says the World of New York, of the alienation of the masses from the Protestant churches is seen in their lack of accommodation. If the laboring class should attend church in the same proportion as other classes, the churches now about empty would not contain room enough. In 1880 there was in the United States one Evangelical Church to every 516 of the population. In Boston, including churches of every creed, there was but one to every 1,600; in Chicago, one to every 2,081; in New York City, below Fourteenth street, where the people are mostly laborers, there are only half as many Protestant houses of worship, in proportion to the number of people, as above Fourteenth street, in the better districts.

A BETTER SHOWING.

The Catholic Church is pre-eminently the workingman's church. For this reason the success of Romanism in our country has been so amazing. There are now about 7,000,000 of Roman Catholics—that is, communicant—in the United States. In 1880 there were only 100,000. It is less than 100 years since the first Bishop came to the United States. There were in 1880 12 Archbishops, 55 Bishops, 5,980 priests, 1,136 students in the seminaries, 2,246 parochial schools and 405,234 pupils. The rate of increase for the Roman Catholic Church since 1850 has been more than twice as great as that of Evangelical Protestant churches.

In this connection we may cite the words of the notorious Dr. Dollinger on the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States. "It is here as well as in England the church of good society, and is perhaps so much the more agreeable to its highly respectable members, that they have the church all to themselves, and need not fear the intrusion of the poor and lowly. . . . The English immigrants, though they have been at home members of the State Church, generally in America join one of the Puritan or Methodist sects. The American Episcopal Church, departing from the practice of the Mother Establishment, has introduced a Lay Representation. But the deep chasm between the Evangelicals and the Armenian High Church people, which here as well as in the mother country divides the Bishops into two parties with very dissimilar views, renders every vigorous co-operation in this Church impossible. In any other denomination such a contrast would have led to open separation and the formation of a new community; and whenever either one or the other comes to be in earnest in its views it must end in a like result."

The Montagnais tribe of Indians writes the Rev. F. E. J. Lloyd, a Protestant clergyman, in the Sunday School Times, found on the shores of Labrador, have been entirely cared for by the missionaries of the Roman Church. Though no missionary is resident among them, yet a clergyman of this faith visits the Montagnais Indians once a year during the summer, and usually remains for a month or two. In that time he visits the various families belonging to the tribe baptizes them, marries them and buries the dead. It does not matter when he dies, but the body of the Montagnais Indian is always kept for burial by the missionary. On one occasion, when traveling on the coast I fell in with a tribe of Montagnais and was surprised to find among their movable the dead body of a woman which was being preserved for burial in the following summer. It was wrapped round with heavy canvas outside, the inner covering being the bark of the birch tree.

Another time I came to an Indian camp, at set of sun, on a winter's day, and as I drew near I heard some of the sweetest singing I have ever heard. I approached the entrance to the largest of the numerous wigwams, whence the music seemed to come, and there I saw a picture I shall never forget. Around the camp-fire sat a group of young men, attired picturesquely, singing with great earnestness and devotion. Their eyes were closed and their hands clasped as if in prayer. There was no light other than that of the embers in the midst of the wigwam, but it enabled me to see the features of the youth and to distinguish the beauty of their white teeth. After the singing was over I remained in the wigwam for a considerable time and was deeply interested in the people I met. I should have said that this was on a Sunday night, and the Montagnais throughout the camp were singing their vesper service.

Youth's Directory.

Rev. D. O. Crowley, director of the Youth's Directory, has submitted to Archbishop Riordan his annual report on the institution as follows:

At the close of last year the children remaining in this home numbered 60 in all. Since that time the institution has received 310 more, making the entire number cared and provided for during the year 370 children.

One hundred and eighty-one of these were sent to the directory by parents and relatives; the members of St. Joseph's Union sent in 72; the City Prison furnished 28; 2 came in from the streets, 2 from St. Vincent's Asylum, 1 from the Sisters of the Holy Family, 1 from the Ladies Aid Society, and 23 from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

During the year the disposition of children was as follows: To St. Vincent's Asylum, 156; the Infant Asylum, 32; guardians, 85; Girls' Directory, 14; homes with families, 22; St. Ma Hospital, 1; left without permission, 2; total, 312; remaining in directory, 58.

One hundred and forty applications for work were received during the last twelve months. Eighty-four places were secured for as many applicants, as follows: In factories 17; shops, 17; stores, 12; offices 17; families, 12; total, 84.

The Savannah Episode.

It is one of the banes of such movements as that of the A. P. A. that it brings into prominence and afford a hearing to a class of frauds who otherwise would not be noticed. A conspicuous example is the man Slattery, who claims to be an "ex-priest" and whose lecture against Catholicism, and that of his wife claiming to expose the secrets of the confessional, has produced a riot in the city of Savannah and thrown all of its people into a turmoil. When men are excited they are prone to elevate into prominence an unworthy man who may happen to be glib of tongue, or who may in some way get into their focus. In their sober senses, and away from the excitement of a religious controversy, no class of men would rally around a renegade priest. Whatever delectable secrets he claimed to be able to disclose, he would not get a very large hearing. But when men's passions are enflamed, such people can do infinite mischief. The laws cannot interfere with them, but a healthy public sentiment should consign them to an oblivion whence they could not emerge until they did so rightfully and as manly men. A renegade of any kind is about as despicable a character as there is.—Alameda Argus.

Whose Breeches Were These?

A good-hearted curate, who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy, and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, though he was never devoid of the fire of charity in his heart, was accosted one day by a beggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money and sadly turned aside, but on the mendicant beseeching him to search his pockets, he hopelessly put his hand in one, and to his amazement and joy, found a five shilling piece there. "Another of God's miracles!" he exclaimed; and then, addressing the woman: "This coin belongs to you of right. Take it and go in peace." Having told the story a few hours later to his worldly minded parish priest, and suggested that they both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange, unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed in accents not suggestive of thanksgiving, "Good God! are those my breeches that you've on you?"

Don't Need Monuments.

The clergy of the archdiocese of Philadelphia have erected a monument to the memory of the late George D. Wolff, for many years editor of the Catholic Standard. He is the first Catholic editor to be so honored by the Church. Perhaps McMaster, Hickey, Kehoe and other writers will yet receive some official recognition for their work in defense of religion. But better than a shaft of granite over graves would be encouragement and support during life, so that the traveler from New Zealand may not say to every one who devotes himself to Catholic religious journalism—"He asked for bread and they gave him a stone!"—Telegraph.

The Miner's Dream.

Lonely and sad the miner sits,
By the fireside dim and low,
Twilight pictures of the past
In his mind flit to and fro.

Of his dear wife and baby child,
He dreams of them this wintry night,
And on the dreary plain he sees
A sad and pitying sight.

There upon the frozen ground,
In death they lay so still,
Close by the river, far away
Beyond the snow-clad bill.

The blinding snow outside his cot,
Lies deep upon the plain,
Sad and lonely there he waits
For his dear ones in vain.

They perished on the mountain side,
Far from his lone cot,
And amidst the trackless desert paths,
In death they lie forgot.

Sad the hour when fate decreed
That the parting should be so,
A broken heart in sorrow pines,
Beyond the spot where winds do blow.

J. WALTER REID.

The Catholic University.

On the first Tuesday of October 1895, the University will open its schools for the instruction of lay students. These schools will for the present be two in number—the school of philosophy and the school of social sciences. The school of philosophy will be divided into five departments; the department of philosophy proper, the department of higher mathematics, the department of the physical sciences, the department of the biological sciences and the department of letters. The school of social sciences will be divided into four departments: the department of sociology, the department of economics, the department of political science and the department of law. The courses of study offered in each of these departments will be numerous and exhaustive, covering the entire field of the arts or sciences to which the department is devoted. A detailed statement of these courses may be found in the special circulars issued from time to time by the department. The lecture rooms, laboratories and consultation-rooms designed for the work of these departments are extensive and commodious, and will be furnished with libraries, apparatus and all the other appliances required by modern methods of theoretical and practical instruction.

The annual tuition fee for matriculated students will be \$100, irrespective of the number or character of the courses which they may select. Special students will be allowed to take one or more courses in any of the departments and will be charged a fee proportionate thereto. No meritorious applicant, however, will be excluded from these schools for want of means to pay tuition fees, and at each annual examination scholarships will be awarded to students of superior attainments entitling them to free instruction during the year.

Sandier's Directory.

Sadier's Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1895, has just been issued, and is as usual up to date in the matter of accurate information for clergy and laity. This is the sixty-third volume, and the greatest care has been exercised in preparing it for publication. The changes in the various dioceses have been made up to as late a date as possible. One interesting feature is the information in regard to communities. The directory is for sale by A. Waldteufel, 621 Market street.

A Month of Feasts.

St. Joseph is the patron of the present month, and his feast falls on the 19th, two days after that of the Irish Apostle, St. Patrick. Other notable March feasts are: St. Thomas Aquinas, 7; SS. Cyril and Methodius, 11; St. Gregory the Great, 12; St. Gabriel, the archangel, 18; St. Cyril of Jerusalem, 30; the Annunciation, 25 and St. John Cimachus, 30.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

USES UP ALL ENERGY

THE CLIMATE IN THE TROPICS MAKES ONE INDOLENT.

Energy Is Not Indigenous to the Region, and the Imported Article Soon Withers. Experience of a Traveler Who Was Determined to See the Country.

"Energy doesn't grow down there. I've been in the country long enough to discover that fact," he exclaimed as he cut off a generous piece of rare roast beef.

The vigor with which he spoke and the evident relish with which he masticated the beef left the impression that the speaker had never spent any considerable time in any place where energy was scarce. He had just landed from a Panama steamer, having come from San Francisco by that route, and had made short visits to various Mexican and Central American ports.

"Not only is it not indigenous to the country, but the exotic article always withers and almost always dies," he said after the keen edge of his appetite had worn off. Then he ordered a pot of coffee, lighted a cigar and continued:

"After we sailed from San Diego it was several days before we arrived at another port. We crossed the gulf of California and touched at Mazatlan, in Mexico. I had promised myself that I should go ashore and see every town at which we stopped in Mexico and Central America, so when the fleet of native boats surrounded the ship a party of passengers hired one, and we were soon on our way to the shore. The distance from the place where the ship was anchored to shore was about three miles, and before the distance had been half covered I was impatient and thoroughly disgusted with the lazy movements of the native oarsmen. Our time was limited, too, and that increased my irritation, because I was anxious to see all I possibly could of the place within a short time.

"I jumped ashore at last and hurried up to the town first to the postoffice and then to other points of interest. It was in the middle of the day, and the sun beat down and reflected again from the white house and the streets, which were paved with small cobblestones. Scarcely a person was on the street, except the people from the ship. The natives lounged about in their shops or the secluded courts with which each house is supplied. The shopkeepers were invariably smoking cigarettes, and it was with difficulty that I induced one of them to rise from his indolent position to supply me with some small purchase which I wished to make.

"Walking rapidly from the postoffice through the principal street to the cathedral, and then to the markets, and again to the public square, I was in a perspiration before I realized it. But my soul was filled with contempt for the lounging, lazy natives, who, it seemed to me, could do nothing except smoke cigarettes, rest their heads on their hands and feebly say, 'Manana' (tomorrow). I saw everything there was to be seen and found the party at the landing impatiently waiting my arrival, so they could return to the ship. While I had done the town thoroughly, I had to admit to myself that I had never been so tired in my life as I was when I reached the deck of the City of Sydney and stretched myself in a sterner chair to smoke and think over what I had seen.

"My spirits revived when we got under way again and had the benefit of an ocean breeze. I renewed my determination to see all the towns at which we touched, and see them thoroughly. We dropped anchor again a day or so later, and I promptly made a bargain with one of the natives to take me ashore. For some inexplicable reason I did not feel half the irritation at the slow movements of the oarsmen that I had felt at the first port. I lounged back in the boat and smoked and was almost lulled to sleep by the movement of the boat as it rose and fell on the long ocean swells.

"When I reached the shore, however, I shook off the lethargy and started briskly out on my sightseeing trip. When I reached the public square, my enthusiasm began to show signs of 'petering out.' With difficulty I tore myself away from a tempting shady seat and visited the few places of interest. Then I went back to the boat, and although I reached the ship an hour ahead of the time set for departure I found that all the passengers had returned ahead of me.

"I was determined to see as much of the country as possible, however, so at the next place I again hired a native to row me ashore. I took an umbrella this time and was weak enough to use it as a shield from the rays of the tropical sun. Arriving on shore, I walked leisurely as far as the postoffice and back to the boat. Then I sat down on the small pier, smoked cigarettes and watched the lazy motions of the natives rowing barges piled with bags of coffee out to the ship and the empty boats back to the shore again. Very few of the other passengers had come ashore at this place.

"My determination to see the country had not quite all vanished when the anchor was dropped at the next port, and once more I hired a native to take me ashore. When we arrived there, I simply sat down in a shady spot and smoked cigarettes. My resentment at the laziness of the natives had all vanished. I said to myself: 'This talk about energetic people coming down here and making money rapidly is all right—for talk. But the man who is able to withstand the enervating influence of this hot and murky air must be made of energy, so that when his vigor was gone he would disappear.'"—New York Tribune.

The Grace of Experience.

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age!
She—But, then, she has become so accustomed to it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

TREMENDOUS PRESSURE.

A Machine on the Hydraulic Principle, but Using Oil Instead of Water.

The reporter went the other day to see a wonderful machine, a machine which is not only a prodigious and terrible piece of engineering, but an allegory. It is called a testing machine, and it is used to ascertain the resisting power of various materials. It is not content with finding out that a beam of oak, for instance, will bear without breaking a pressure on one spot of 160,000 pounds. The beam must be utterly crushed each time the test is made, and note must be taken of the exact weight that lay upon it at the moment of its final dissolution. Day after day this great machine heaves and strains itself and bears down with slow and awful force upon some tough beam or block of wood, and whether the timber is placed flatwise and needs, say, but a paltry 75 tons to crush it, or whether it be placed edewise, like a pillar, and will hold up twice as much weight before it cries out and gives up the ghost, it must yield just the same and surrender its pitiful, crushed frame to be photographed and studied and picked to pieces for the benefit of science. That is all very interesting, you may say, but it is a mere piece of brute machinery. Where is the allegory that you told us of? That lies in the thing by the force of which this monstrous pressure is exerted. It is oil. Nothing but suave, gentle, yielding oil, the emblem of softness and agreeableness.

There is a certain piston in this mechanism which, pressing against a quantity of oil in a confined space, forces this oil against another iron surface, which in turn presses forward upon the timber so that all this crushing power is exerted by the medium of nothing but oil. As you watch the machine, even in the most exciting moment of the culmination of its crushing force, you cannot but be conscious that it is the oil that is doing it. The master stands over his great machine, his pupils grouped about. It lies down flat on its great back, like a giant bracing his shoulder against a rock to push with his feet.

The thing which he is pushing against is a beam of seasoned oak, about 10 inches square, and the thing with which he is pushing is another and lengthwise square beam of oak, the end of which is directly against the side of the beam to be crushed. Off at one side, apparently unconnected with the machine, but in reality connected with it, is an apparatus where there are levers, comparable with the throttle valve of a locomotive, and a gauge which registers accurately the pressure that is being exerted. A young learner stands at these levers and this gauge, and when the master says, "Turn on more oil," he moves a lever, and the pressure rises. Seventy thousand pounds, 80,000 pounds, it rises rapidly. The lengthwise beam is sinking itself deep into the side of the victim timber, but this still holds out bravely. The pressure rises to 90,000—100,000 pounds. The watchers all gather around the center of the pressure in anticipation of the catastrophe; the lengthwise timber is squeezing into the solid oak of the other one as one's thumb might be driven into a piece of cheese.

But still it holds. Little by little the power is turned on. The young man at the gauge calls "120,000," "130,000," "140,000," "150,000." You hear the snapping of a myriad of tendons within the beam, and all these sounds join in a sort of low buzzing roar or cry, which suggests an elemental agony. One hundred and sixty thousand pounds—the beam sinks deeper into the flesh of its victim; 170,000. "More oil!" calls the master, and now the crackle rises—the lengthwise beam itself begins to crack, and the other beam, yielding at last, seems to go to pieces all at once, and when the pressure is removed it is taken out, twisted, contorted, riven, pierced, crushed.

It is useful service, after all, though it seems but an exhibition of the brutality of mere mechanism, that the testing machine and its bed of oil have done, for since the master began the work with it he has proved that timbers will stand only about half the weight which the accepted authorities said they would stand, and by introducing a more conservative weighting of wood he has doubtless saved many human lives from destruction by the collapse of timbered structures.—Boston Transcript.

Newfoundland.

Not only have her mother and sisters been unkind, but even the elements of nature have been spiteful to Newfoundland. A fog worse than the London veil continually frowns upon her shores. The fiercest storms of the continent buffet her. Sinister icebergs hover about her harbors and threaten her fishing craft. Frequent conflagrations make havoc with her antique, combustible buildings, making her poverty still more grinding. Though Newfoundland is bigger than Ireland and nearly as large as all New England, very little of her territory is of use to her. The interior is either marshy or rocky, and the difficulty of building roads through such a country keeps back agriculture. Untold mineral riches, however, are believed to be awaiting development, and her untouched beds of peat are sufficient to supply with good fuel many times the population of the colony.

The cod is the great bulwark of provincial prosperity. The seal comes next, for Bering sea is not the only home of this animal. The fish industry is so predominant that the pedestrian on the sidewalks of the coast towns passes under an endless arbor of drying fish.—Boston Transcript.

A Dumas Anecdote.

In the days of his affluence some one came to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

"What was he?" inquired Dumas.

"A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower.

Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand: "You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em!"

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY \$5 to \$50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

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Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect \$1.50 from each one, send \$5 to the office, and retain \$2.50 for your commission.

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Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

St. Thomas of Canterbury and the Blessed Virgin.

The Ave Maria in a most interesting article on "Some Shrines of Mary in England," says:

"We cannot leave the sacred precincts of Canterbury Cathedral without speaking of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the spot which was the scene of his martyrdom an altar to Our Lady was erected, so that the pilgrims who came to visit his tomb might be invited to invoke the merciful intercession of his great patroness. On this altar used to be preserved the point of the sword which broke off in the assassin's hand as he gave the fatal stroke to the saintly Archbishop.

From his infancy St. Thomas seems to have imbibed from his mother a very deep devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of the modes whereby this pious woman displayed her devotion was common enough in Catholic England, and characteristic of old English piety, wherein, mingled with what was beautiful and even poetical, there was generally to be found a certain homely simplicity, which always contrived to keep in mind the alliance between prayer and alms-deeds. The Saint's mother used to put the boy, at certain times, into the scales, and to weigh him with clothes, food and money, which she placed in the opposite scale. These things were then distributed to the poor, her intention in this act being to commend her son to the protection of the Mother of God; for among the chief works of piety that she practised she had a very special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and she carefully taught her son to fear God and to venerate Our Lady.

The favorite devotion with which St. Thomas was accustomed to invoke his great patroness was the salutation of her Seven Joys. On one occasion, it is said, she appeared to him and inquired why he celebrated only her earthly joys, and not those also which formed her crown in heaven. On replying that he knew them not, she made known to him her seven heavenly joys, after which the Saint constantly honored them. After his martyrdom the great window of the west transept of the Cathedral of Canterbury was filled with a splendid representation of the Joys of Our Lady, together with the figures of the martyred prelate and other patron saints of England. The description of this window is left written by the very hand that destroyed it—one of the Puritan preachers of the Cathedral during the time of the Commonwealth. He informs us that in that window, whereon many thousands of pounds had been expended by the "Papists," were representations of the Holy Trinity, the Twelve Apostles, and seven large pictures of the Virgin Mary in seven several glorious appearances—as of the angels lifting her into heaven, with the sun, moon and stars beneath her feet—and every picture had under it an inscription beginning with *Gaude Maria*. And at the foot of that large window was a title intimating that it was dedicated to the praise and honor of the Most Blessed Mother of God."

Bells With a History.

The chimes of St. Michael's church, in Charleston, South Carolina, have a peculiar history.

The bells are nine in number and of unusual purity and sweetness of tone. They were cast in England when St. Michael's was built, about 130 years ago. When the war of the revolution came the bells were sent to England for safe-keeping. After the treaty of peace had been consummated negotiation was opened in London for the return of the bells by the first American minister to Great Britain. He succeeded, and the bells were sent to Charleston, and upon their arrival were received with triumphant ovations and escorted by a large procession to the church, in the belfry of which they were replaced.

During the late civil war the citizens of Charleston were desirous of protecting the bells from danger, and as the steeple of St. Michael's was made the target for the cannon of the besiegers the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia for safe keeping. When Sherman's army took Columbia the sheds in the yard of the state house in which the bells had been placed and which also contained the marble friezes and other sculptures intended for the decoration of the capitol, were broken in and the sculptures and bells were smashed into fragments, and the sheds were then set on fire. At the conclusion of the war the pieces of the bells were carefully gathered together, boxed and shipped to a commercial house in Liverpool, together with extracts from the records of St. Michael's showing where the bells were cast, and

and the proportion of the metals forming their component parts. Upon inquiry it was found that there was still in existence in England the firm of bell founders, unchanged in name, and consisting of the descendants of the proprietors at the time the bells were made. The records of this firm contained descriptions of the bells, and the proportions there given were found to correspond with those furnished from Charleston. The bells were made anew, therefore, of the same metal, and for the fifth time they were carried across the Atlantic and arrived safely at Charleston. Their return was made the occasion of great rejoicing in the city.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickel, silver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelryhouse of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and \$2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickel watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by \$6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successful canvasser. And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by \$12.50, a gem of a time piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscribers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, they will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

A Pilgrim Ship.

Extraordinary things are taking place in these days, which millions of people who believe that they are posted up in the latest news are wholly ignorant of. How few, for example, are aware that there is a vessel built especially to carry pilgrims from Brazil to the Holy Land and to bring them back. It is named *Notre Dame de Saint* and it belongs to the Fathers of the Assumption, who have been so conspicuously instrumental in sending pilgrims to Palestine. The vessel has not been inaptly described as a "floating cathedral," for it is so constructed as to provide in the largest sense for the offices of religion as well as for the bodily comfort of the pilgrims.

The passengers of other vessels passing in the Mediterranean must be struck with astonishment on hearing the sounds of psalmody and the words of the old Latin hymns floating over the water. The superstitious might take it to be a phantom ship filled with ghosts of crusaders were it not for the funnel and the unmistakable long line of black smoke, which prove that those on board navigate in a very different manner from those others who went crusading with St. Louis and the Sir de Joinville. Although these pacific modern pilgrims have so much sentiment in common with the pilgrim soldiers of the middle ages, how different were the material conditions of travel then from now.

Fans came from the East during the Crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

THE AWFUL BLIZZARD

AN UNMERCIFUL NORSE GOD THAT RULES THE PLAINS.

No Person Can Understand What Terrible Things They Are Until He Has Seen One—With All Man's Care, They Are Still His Unconquered Enemies.

The blizzard, as the plain man's vernacular designates the prairie snowstorm, is utterly incomprehensible to one who has not experienced it. Generated in the great storm breeding regions of barren British America and swept on arctic blasts along the vast level reaches that stretch eastward from the Rocky mountains, with no forest to break its force, it becomes a demon of the air, second only to the cyclone or tornado in destructiveness. The moisture is ground as between millstones, hurled with bulletlike energy over hundreds of miles of level plain, and finally, transformed into yeasty sleet by the softening effects of lower latitudes, falls in black showers on the ranges of Texas and No Man's Land.

Lack of cheap building material and the brevity of the winter season on the prairies contribute to make the settler's cabin a poor refuge. When the blizzard comes, every resource of fuel is husbanded, and it is faced with a grim determination to see it through.

But not all are prepared even so well as the settler. Occasionally a belated emigrant, on route either to a chosen claim on the frontier or toward the pleasantly remembered east, where he hopes to find old friends and helpers, is caught by the blast. He may have a tiny stove inside the canvas topped prairie schooner, but its heat can do little against the power of the storm. Sheltered by the low bluff of some ravine or water course he may weather the dragging hours of suffering, but the chances are that team and driver will be found a ghastly monument to the storm king's strength.

The farmer who has hurried 10 or 15 miles to the nearest village to secure supplies for the impending visitation is often overtaken before reaching his waiting family and perishes on the road, for no matter how well he knows the path when the blizzard rages his way is as that of the mariner without a compass.

At the prairie schoolhouses, where the settlers' children are gathered from a territory covering many miles in every direction, the blizzard brings terror to the pupils as well as to their parents. Rescue is impossible until the lull comes, and awful possibilities lurk in the bosom of the storm. A Dakota schoolmistress failed to dismiss her scholars in time for them to reach home and found herself and them prisoners from a blizzard's approach. A night and a day at least were before her, during which her little charges must be protected. Deliberately she apportioned the food, remaining in the dinner pails, divided the larger boys into squads to keep the fire burning steadily, and when darkness came put the younger pupils to sleep on the benches. Then through the bitter night she sang, declaimed, told stories, invented games and kept the frightened children amused and cheered as best she could. The following day passed much the same, but still no abatement of the storm nor any respite. The second night was dreary indeed. The children cried themselves to sleep, hungry and cold. With her own hands the teacher braved up desks and blackboard to feed the voracious stove. With morning came a shout at the door as the settlers shoveled away the snow, and then the plucky girl to whom the children owed their lives showed her womanliness—and fainted.

The loss among stock on the plains by each blizzard is appalling. There is less exposure of herds and flocks now than in earlier times, yet every season causes the destruction of thousands of head of cattle and sheep on the ranges and in the unsheltered corrals. Several years ago, during the height of the Texas cattle trade, a blizzard in western Kansas early in December destroyed more than half of 300,000 cattle that were being herded on the open prairie. At one railway station, after the storm, 35,000 hides were shipped, at another 20,000. One ranchman found but 235 head alive out of 7,500 that had been grazing before the catastrophe. Several hundred ponies and a score of herders also perished.

The blizzard is a permanent feature of the prairie winter. Nothing but a decided climatic revolution can secure to the great transmississippi region immunity from its death bearing presence. Better preparations are yearly being made to withstand its fury and to protect more generously the dumb animals who suffer equally with their masters. The signal service is rendering aid in warning communities reached by telegraph of the storm's approach, while the settlers, taught by bitter experience, take with each season better precautions and provide more intelligently for their time of need, which is sure to come.

But, with all man's care and defense, the blizzard remains unconquered. It is cruel, relentless and unmerciful as some Norse god, from whose kingdom it comes. It is one of the west's possessions which is wholly and irredeemably detestable. In its forefront is apprehension; at its height, terror; in its wake, desolation and suffering, sometimes death.—Detroit Free Press.

Cutting a Hailstorm in India.

During a severe hailstorm in the Himalayas our native gardener brought out a hatchet and placed it, edge upward, in the garden, to "cut the storm," as he said. Catlin, in his "North American Indians," describes a ceremony of the Mandan Indians, in which hatchets and edged tools are sacrificed to the "spirit of the waters" to avert a recurrence of the great deluge, of which the tribe has the tradition.—Notes and Queries.

APRIL IN IRELAND.

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge, And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge. The golden looms of Tir na n'Og weave all the winter through Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after, And through the rainy twilight we hear her faint laughter. She shakes down on her flowers the snow less white than they, Then quickens with her kisses the folded knots of May.

She seeks the summer lover that never shall be here, Pains for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze, Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedge crown, And pressing blindly onward she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears, Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years— A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge. She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

—Nora Hopper.

A NIGHT THIEF.

There was a large party at the Chateau de Kerdall, near Vannes. The Marquis de Kerdall and his young wife had just returned from a tour of the world on their yacht, during which they had paid flying visits to Africa, America and Oceania, and they had celebrated their home coming by gathering together all their friends and relatives at their beautiful country house.

Among the guests was old Dr. Cornabuc, an illustrious member of the Academy of Metaphysical Sciences, so original, so abstruse, so venerable in his blond peruke and his costume of the fashion of 1850. Then there was Mme. de Lartignes, an old school friend of the marquis, a brilliant and coquetish Parisienne. And there was Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden lady with youthful propensities. And there were many others, all of whom found plenty of amusement to their hearts' content at Kerdall.

Outside of the ordinary pleasures of life there were some unusual attractions. In the first place the host and hostess had seen and experienced so much that was novel and startling that their conversation was always fascinating. Then the rooms of the castle constituted a veritable museum, being stocked with rare and curious objects from two continents. And finally a managerie had been created in one corner of the park and stocked with the various animals which M. de Kerdall had picked up during the voyage and brought back to France for purposes of acclimatization. There were gazelles, antelopes, Tibet goats, Nilo ibises, rose flamings, opossums, beavers and an Asiatic ape of the mandrill species, as mild as a lamb, but as mischievous as all his kind. An iron lattice cage had been built for him close to the conservatory.

As will be seen, the Chateau de Kerdall was a veritable Eden, but this fact did not prevent little Mme. de Lartignes from dreading the isolated position of the place among the wide expanse of woods and fields.

"I should be afraid to live here all the year round," she said.

"Afraid of what, my dear?" asked the marquis.

"Oh, of robbers. They would fairly reveal here."

Robbers! In this mansion filled to the eaves with guests and servants! Everybody mocked at the young woman, and old Dr. Cornabuc told horrible stories about burglars and assassins until Mme. de Lartignes, ashamed of her chimerical fears, was the first to laugh, and when the retiring hour came she mounted to her sleeping apartment on the second floor supplied with a goodly stock of heroism. Within a short time all the occupants of the chateau were in the land of dreams.

How long Mme. de Lartignes slept she knew not. She was awakened by a rattling at her window, which she had left half open on account of the heat.

What was her terror when in the feeble starlight she saw a form climbing noiselessly through the window. She tried to scream, but her throat was parched with fright, and she could not utter a sound.

The man had entered the chamber. Then the poor woman hastily buried her head beneath the bedclothing. Half dead with fear, she could hear her nocturnal visitor going and coming across the carpet with muffled steps. It seemed as though he must have removed his shoes in order to tread softly. Bathed with cold perspiration and her teeth chattering she awaited the mortal blow from the invader. But it did not come.

After about a quarter of an hour she timidly peeped out. She could see and hear nothing. Slightly reassured, she recovered the use of her voice and started a series of shrieks, so sharp, piercing and terrible that in an instant the entire chateau was turned topsy turvy. Everybody rushed into her chamber with lights in their hands, M. and Mme. de Kerdall at the head.

"What is it? What's the matter?" they cried.

She recounted her horrible vision. They would not believe her. She had been dreaming. Who could have climbed into this chamber, so high above the ground, without a ladder?

"Did you see him plainly?" asked the marquis, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"As plainly as I see you, and it even seemed"—She hesitated.

"What?"

"It seemed as though I could recognize Dr. Cornabuc in his blond wig and redingote."

Everybody laughed. What! Dr. Cornabuc! A man of his age and character scaling windows at midnight! It was certain now that Mme. de Lartignes had been dreaming. They tried to dissipate her fear, and she was just about to per-

sue herself that she had been the victim of an hallucination when she happened to cast her eyes upon the bureau, where she had left her jewels.

They were gone! It had truly been a robbery!

The laughing suddenly ceased, and they looked at one another in consternation.

All at once another cry was heard, a piercing shriek coming through the stillness of the night. It appeared to emanate from Miss Hawthorne's chamber. There was a rush for her apartment, and the English lady was found standing in the middle of the room, with frightened eyes.

"There, there!" she cried, pointing to the window. "A man! He escaped, but I recognized him."

"Who was it?"

"Dr. Cornabuc!"

The doctor again! This time nobody laughed. Cornabuc was looked for among the persons who had been attracted by the excitement, but he was not there. He was the only occupant of the chateau who was missing.

"Come, let us go to the doctor's room," said the marquis, knitting his brows. "He will doubtless solve the mystery for us."

All followed Kerdall, the men half dressed, the women in their white night robes, all carrying candles—a weird procession. Upon the entrance of the crowd, the doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in the bedclothes, his wrinkled countenance alone being visible over the top, and this convulsed by anger into a comical grimace. The candle light was reflected from his bald pate, which shone like old ivory.

"Is this some ill timed joke?" he stormed. "What is going on? Is the chateau on fire? I heard a terrible outcry and was about to inquire into it."

"You must come and join us, doctor," said Kerdall.

"And how shall I do it?" cried the doctor furiously. "Some rascal has run off with my clothing, and in exchange has left me this," and he savagely hurled a white object into the middle of the room.

"My corsets!" murmured Miss Hawthorne, modestly lowering her eyes.

"And this!" continued the doctor, wildly brandishing another article.

"My hat!" cried Mme. de Lartignes.

"This rallery passes all bounds," howled the doctor, whose shining head, with one final grimace, ducked beneath the bedclothing, like the clown going through a trapdoor in the marionette theater.

They knew not what to think. The mystery was growing more complicated.

It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the chateau—perhaps a whole band of burglars and assassins. Mme. de Lartignes imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

"Let us hope they have no guns," said the marquis, to raise the hopes of his guests.

There was no echo to the pleasantry. Suddenly a strange sound was heard coming from the ground floor. It was certainly the piano in the reception salon, but it was surely being played by goblin fingers, and so furiously that it seemed as though the keys must be broken.

"This is too much!" cried the marquis, rushing toward the staircase, with all the crowd, except Dr. Cornabuc, close behind him.

They hastily penetrated the salon. It was empty. The mysterious visitor was gone, but he could not be far away. The crash of china and glass announced his presence in the dining room. Everybody rushed thither, and the marquis, who was in the lead, dimly saw a form escaping through the window into the garden.

"This time we've got him!" he cried.

The men seized guns and knives from a hunting rack in the vestibule and started across the garden and park in pursuit of the fugitive, while the women barricaded themselves in the salon and anxiously awaited the result of the chase. It was about an hour later, in the uncertain light which precedes the rising of the sun, that a servant discovered the mysterious stranger ensconced among the branches of a large oak. At his call the marquis and his guests hastened to the spot.

"Come down!" commanded M. de Kerdall, but the bandit only settled himself deeper among the foliage and made no response.

"Come down, or I will shoot!"

And, as there was still no reply, he lifted his gun and already had his finger upon the trigger when the domestic hurriedly pulled his arm and said:

"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Cornabuc!"

And, sure enough, the blond wig and long redingote could now be seen among the leaves. But at this moment the first ray of sunlight gleamed in from the east, and the oak was illuminated. The marquis suddenly broke into a fit of explosive laughter and, as his guests gazed up into the tree they could not keep from following his example.

"The ape!"

Everything was explained. The animal had escaped from his cage the previous evening and had managed to effect an entrance into the chateau. Animated by his instinct of imitation, he had first attired himself in the doctor's effects and then wandered over the house at his own free will. He was put back into his prison after some little trouble, and at breakfast the party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventures of the night.

But Dr. Cornabuc did not appear at the table. He left the chateau at an early hour, furious and without taking leave. Since this episode he has never set foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. de Lartignes and Miss Hawthorne.

"How could they have mixed me up with a monkey?" he wants to know.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Funeral of Bishop Manogue at Sacramento.

THE FRENCH MISSION.

Death of a Prominent Pioneer at His Home in Alameda. Stockton Notes.

The funeral of the late Right Rev. Patrick Manogue, Bishop of Sacramento, took place from the Cathedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament, in Sacramento, on Tuesday. Fully 8,000 people were crowded into the spacious edifice, every aisle being crowded to its utmost capacity, so eager were his people to show the last possible tribute of respect to his memory.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the tolling of the largest of the new peal of bells, lately placed in the tower of the Cathedral, announced that the services were about to commence. Long before that hour, however, thousands wended their way to the immense edifice.

On the altar from which he so often had preached, lay the remains of the Bishop. Four tapers burned around the bier, and at its head was a Bishop's crook of flowers. Despite the request of "no flowers," hundreds of floral pieces were sent, yet but a very limited number was displayed, notable among them was the token of affection from the members of the Jewish Synagogue of Sacramento.

The entrance of fifty surpliced priests, bearing lighted tapers, followed by the subdued strains of organ and stringed orchestra, announced that the Solemn Requiem High Mass was about to begin. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, was the celebrant.

The Very Rev. Father Grace, Administrator of the Diocese, was Deacon, and Father Walsh was Sub-Deacon. The Rev. P. Mulligan of San Francisco, and the Rev. Father Hines of Woodland, acted as masters of ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Coadjutor Bishop of Los Angeles, was in the sanctuary.

An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Quinn, pastor of Yreka, who said in substance:

[An unfortunate accident, destroying the usefulness of the type set for Father Quinn's oration occurred just as we were going to press. Owing to the length of time necessary to again set the pageyric we are reluctantly compelled to go to press with it omitted.]

The Absolution was given by his Grace Archbishop Riordan, and to the music of Beethoven's "Funeral March" the body was borne down the aisles by Very Rev. Father Lynch, Vicar-General of Grass Valley; Father Kennedy, of Eureka, Humboldt county; Father Coleman, of Marysville; Father Grace, of Sacramento; Father Kiely, of Reno, Nevada, and Father Tubman, of Virginia City, who acted as pall-bearers.

The Young Men's Institute, with draped flags, led the procession, which was one of the largest ever seen in Sacramento. The Catholic Knights, Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Hibernian Benevolent Society, besides hundreds of the residents of his diocese participated.

When the cemetery was reached the children of St. Joseph's Academy formed in two lines near the open grave, and after the final services were conducted by Archbishop Riordan, planted the roses he loved so well upon his grave.

And thus, in the presence of thousands, were laid to rest the remains of the well beloved Bishop Patrick Manogue, May his soul rest in peace.

Notre Dame des Victoires.

On Sunday last, the Forty Hours Devotion was held in the beautiful little French church of Our Lady of Victory on Bush street. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Audifred, Rev. Father Rousselon acting as master of ceremonies, and a very efficient one he proved, if we judge by the perfect order and decorum of the thirty-four altar boys under his charge.

The decorations of the church, which were exquisite, bespoke the perfect taste of Mrs. Bluxome and of several ladies of the French colony who devote themselves to this labor of love. Surmounting the high altar and above

the repository for the Blessed Sacrament, was a canopy of golden satin which served to bring out in all their pure whiteness the St. Joseph lilies beneath and to soften, by its delicate reflection, the blaze of the numberless lights which shone among them.

The altars of Our Lady of Victory and of St. Joseph were also appropriately and tastefully adorned, white being here too the prevailing tone of the flowers chosen.

Rev. Father Genta, after making a few observations, presented Rev. Father Henri Gros, former superior of the house of the Marist Fathers in Paris, who opened the mission.

The reverend speaker took as text of his first discourse these words of St. Peter: "You are Christ, Son of the living God." He then proceeded to show how all religion consists in this affirmation of the divinity of Christ, which embraces faith and its teachings as well as the love and adoration for His person. In eloquent language, it was shown how the Apostles, accepting the teachings of Christ, went forth among all nations and gave their lives for their faith. While implanting everywhere the "Credo," they proclaimed, by their adoration of Him, Jesus to be the Son of God, the Savior of the world and they gave him the Supreme proof of their love, for Christ himself had said: "The greatest proof of love that one can give to those one loves, is to die for them."

The Reverend Father then dwelt upon the difficulties the apostles had to overcome in order to reach this total submission of mind and heart to this Faith in Christ and this love for Him.

Apparently he was without authority to impose upon his teachings, directly opposed as were these latter to the belief of the Jews; He asked to be adored, in positive contradiction to the law; He who called Himself God was condemned to death; finally He commanded so imperiously that they should love Him, that their hearts, according to human law, should thus have been repulsed rather than attracted towards Him. How can we explain this phenomenon of Faith? Thus, Christ had his divinity proclaimed by the voice of all nature; then too it showed itself in His miracles and through his daily life among them. And the Apostles cried out as we should do with them: "He is God, we must believe Him; He is God, we must adore Him; He is God, we must love Him!" Let him, said the speaker in a burst of impassioned eloquence, let him who loves not Jesus Christ be anathema; as to us, we will believe in Him, we will adore Him, we will love Him.

On Monday, at 3 o'clock, the Reverend Father began the retreat for ladies. Benediction was sung by the young ladies of the choir of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in an artistic and finished manner, which reflected great credit upon them and their society. How touching to hear these pure young voices raised in praise of the Blessed Sacrament exposed upon the altar! How expressive were the words of the beautiful canticles of the sentiments which filled the hearts of the listeners; of our love and adoration for the Hidden Presence of the Tabernacle, of Him who makes our souls, poor and lowly as they are, His temples and His altars; of our longings for that never-ending union and praise-giving to come, of which the holy joy which filled our being then was a shadow and a foretaste!

How consoling too must it be to Rev. Father Genta, who founded this sodality under the patronage of the Mother of God, and to whose zealous and tireless efforts it owes its success, to behold it prosperous and flourishing and to reap so soon the well-earned fruits of his labor. May this youthful band whom he has gathered together at Mary's feet long continue to enjoy the happiness of the guidance, example and counsels of their beloved Director is the wish and hope of A CHILD OF MARY OF OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

Alameda.

The funeral of the late William F. Cashman took place from St. Joseph's Church on Monday morning, when a Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul. There was a very large attendance of mourners, beside a delegation from the Society of California Pioneers of which deceased was an honored member. The pall-bearers were M. J. Coleman, J. P. Kelly, Michael Kane, T. O'Connor, John Hammond, James Shea, L. Cunningham and James Stanton.

It was an unfortunate accident that caused the death of Mr. Cashman,

who although an old man was in fairly good health.

Mr. Cashman was a native of Cork, Ireland, and was 74 years of age. At an early age he entered the dry goods business, coming to the United States before he attained his majority and locating in Wilmington, N. C. With the news of the discovery of gold in this State, he determined to come here and arrived in San Francisco in the spring of 1849. He located in Jamestown, Tuolumne county, but afterwards opened a store at Maxwell's creek, and later at Mariposa. The late C. D. O'Sullivan was at one time a partner of Mr. Cashman.

His venture in the mines proved successful, and in 1865, he removed to San Francisco, where in conjunction with Mr. O'Sullivan, he established a wholesale liquor store, at the corner of Front and Jackson streets. He invested in San Francisco and Oakland real estate, and amassed quite a fortune. He then went East and to Europe, visiting the Paris Exposition of 1867. On his return from Europe, he met and married Miss Mary Gibbons. He remained in business until 1869, when he and his wife made a tour of the world.

On their return, they settled in San Francisco, later removed to Oakland and finally settled in Alameda.

Mr. Cashman was known throughout the entire State, and his standing in financial circles was of the highest character. He essayed a venture in stocks, and like many others, almost his entire fortune was dissipated. He later managed to make good some of his losses, and his family is now in comfortable circumstances.

Three children, besides his widow survive him—Miss Madeline, Miss Helen and William F., the latter being assistant assayer of the United States Branch Mint at Carson City, Nev. Miss Helen is attending the State University.

Mr. Cashman's friends throughout the State are many. In the Society of Pioneers Mr. Cashman was a most honored and respected member. He lived a good life, and by all who knew him, his memory will be ever revered. R. I. P.

Stockton.

On Ash-Wednesday a Lenten temperance society was formed by Rev. Father O'Connor, which was joined by almost every member of the parish, and the cards of membership were distributed to members Wednesday evening after service. Father O'Connor feels highly gratified at the interest manifested in this temperance society, for it is a good thing, in conjunction with the other two temperance societies of the parish, to aid in fulfilling the precepts of Lent.

Last Sunday being the regular Communion Sunday of the Young Ladies' Sodality, they approached the altar with almost a full membership, and presented a most edifying appearance as they marched from their Sodality hall 165 strong to the 8:30 o'clock Mass. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Father White.

On Sunday afternoon last, the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality held a largely attended meeting for the reception of new members, which increased the roll of membership to two hundred.

At the 3:30 o'clock Vespers Sunday afternoon the church was crowded to hear the sermon preached by Rev. Father Whibbs on the necessity of prayer for the preservation of the soul of man. The Rev. Father explained the meaning of the word prayer, and closed by exhorting those present to pray against all temptations.

Catholic Ladies' Aid Society No. 7 held a most enjoyable Cascarone party at Weber Hall Monday evening, February 25th, and the attendance was unusually large. The ladies had the hall beautifully decorated and the dancing floor was never in better condition. The best of music was provided. Refreshments were served by the ladies, and during each dance cascarones were broken promiscuously as the clothes of all present showed.

On Wednesday evening, April 3rd, Stockton Council No. 5, Y. M. I., expects a fraternal visit from Grand President Frank J. Kierce, and a committee has been appointed to make all necessary arrangements and map out a program of exercise for that evening.

Lenten devotions will be held in St. Mary's church Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock, and on Sunday afternoons at 3:30 and 7:30 o'clock respectively.

An attempt was made to read the bible in the public schools of Stockton but a stop was put to it and then a big fuss was made over it by the preachers.

Berkeley.

On Friday of last week a Month's Mind Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of John Collins and mother, of Ennis, Ireland, at the request of M. J. Doolin. Rev. Father Phillips was the celebrant.

Mr. Collins was a well known dry goods merchant, and the Mass was a token of esteem on the part of Mr. Doolin on account of his former early associations with the father and mother of the deceased.

Personal.

Brady—Rev. Father Brady, who was so severely injured nearly three months ago, has now entirely recovered from his injuries, and a week ago Sunday celebrated Mass for the first time. The injured hand, which for a long time gave him considerable trouble is now almost healed, and Father Brady finds no difficulty in using it. His escape from blood-poisoning was due to the skill of Dr. A. T. Leonard in treating his injuries.

A MISCHIEVOUS CROW.

Not Afraid of a Gun and Liked Being Felt by Boys.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which this crow stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Helter skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was painfully manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew bigger.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers that went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person that had called them, the success of his little joke would cause him to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snow-balled. He would stand upon an old tree stump and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say: "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it might be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children that came for water and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoticed down into the cellar. The blows he could give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.—Malcolm Douglas in St. Nicholas.

Embracing the Opportunity.

I. F. Morris of 413 East Twelfth street recently appealed to the Humane society for protection from his wife. He is a sickly looking man, while she is a robust woman. Morris is smooth shaven. His wife wears a small black mustache. When Mr. and Mrs. Morris were taken to the central police station, Mrs. Morris asked the captain: "How much is my bond?"

"Ten dollars."

She deposited \$10 for her appearance in court and a like amount for her husband's release.

"I don't want to get out," said the husband.

"Why not?" demanded Mrs. Morris. "Because I want one night's rest," he said.

The jailer led him away to a cell.—Kansas City Times.

A Pair of Dumbbells.

Grammatical Discussion. Young Ardunpe—Is it right to say "deem" or "consider," Miss Arrese? Miss Arrese—Oh, both are allowable. For instance, I deem you a nice young man, but I cannot consider you at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

A SMART CAT.

How He Convinced Himself That It Was His Own Image.

The late Dr. Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," gives two stories of cats, which, on seeing their own reflection in a looking glass, convinced themselves that the reflection was an illusion. In the case of a very intelligent cat of mine, he went, I think, a step beyond this—namely, he satisfied himself that it was in some way his own image. Even if my deduction is wrong, the first part of his proceedings was so singularly like those in Dr. Romanes' accounts that it seems as though it were a uniform law of cat nature to act in this way, and so far it may not be altogether uninteresting.

I put the cat on a table in front of a small toilet mirror. After looking at his reflection for a short while he went behind the glass. Then he returned to his seat in front and again watched it attentively. After a few moments he rapidly dashed behind it. He again returned to his seat in front of the glass, and while retaining his seat and keeping his eyes fixed on the image he struck about behind the glass with his paw in different directions.

His next action was, I fancy, suggested by seeing the image apparently strike with its paw also. Keeping his seat and retaining his eye fixed on the image, he proceeded to (if I may use the word) posture in front of the glass. He raised his paws alternately, licked them, touched the glass, moved his head, etc. I have tried to simply describe the facts and as far as possible avoid drawing conclusions.—Science Gossip.

Doctor Galapins.

Set up on the corner of a house, at the juncture of two streets at the old north end of Boston, is a bust of Aesculapins. For many, many years it has been the visible sign that there is a drug store below.

Some time ago two visitors to the city went prowling about this ancient and historic ground once so aristocratic and now so squalid, and they came upon the time worn bust, for the presence of which they were not prepared. Still it seemed to them noteworthy, and they went into a shop to ask about it.

The clerk was most obliging and courteous.

"Oh, that?" he said. "That's old Dr. Galapins. I don't rightly know who he was, but I've an idea he used to practice down here!"—Youth's Companion.

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WHITTIER'S SECRET.

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS COURTSHIP OF CORNELIA RUSS.

Though She Did Not Marry Him, She Remained Single and Never Told—A Love Episode in the Poet's Life That Made a Deep Impression Upon Him.

The residence of 18 months in Hartford introduced him to a vigorous anti-slavery circle of higher culture and a more delicate refinement than any he had known, and within that circle incarnated in a most lovely woman he was to find his fate.

Among the friends the biographer has mentioned Judge Russ, a man well known in that day for brilliant parts and a handsome person. The family was distinguished for beauty and brightness. Of those members whom Whittier knew, Mary, the oldest, married Silas E. Burrows. Mrs. Burrows died of consumption in New York in 1841, at the age of 34. There survived only an unmarried daughter, Cornelia, and one son, Charles James Russ, who 20 years later was a prominent lawyer in Hartford.

Cornelia, the youngest child, born in 1814, was but 17 years old when she parted from Whittier in 1831. He was 24. The strong antislavery zeal of the family threw the two young people much together, and the clear brain and tender heart of the poet yielded to very uncommon charms. One who saw her during the last year of her life describes her in this way:

"At 28 Cornelia was a most beautiful woman. She had dark blue eyes, like pansies, with long, dark lashes, black hair and the most exquisite color. If she was like the rest of her family, she was a very brilliant woman."

Judge Russ, who was a member of congress in 1820, had died in 1832. Of this Whittier probably heard through his friend Law, but that he ever heard of the death of Mary Burrows or Cornelia there is no evidence. When he was writing his letter of sympathy to the friends of Lucy Hooper, Cornelia was lying on her deathbed. She had nursed her sister through her fatal illness, had imbibed the poison and followed her in the April of 1842.

The poem called "Memories," to which Whittier attributed a special significance, was written during Cornelia's last illness. He thinks of her as still bright and living, and when in 1888 he desired the poem to be placed at the head of his "Subjective" verse, his heart was still true to her, but gave no token that he knew hers had ceased to beat.

After Cornelia's death her papers passed into the hands of the only surviving member of her family, Charles James Russ, who died in 1861. At that time her private letters came into the hands of his widow, who destroyed most of them, but kept from pure love of the poet the precious pages in which Whittier had offered himself to her kinswoman. I have not myself read the letter, which is still in existence, but one who has read it, the present possessor, writes me as follows: "The letter was short, simple and manly, as you would know. He evidently expected to call next day and learn his fate." Another who has seen the letter writes: "It was somewhat stiff—such a letter as a shy Quaker lad would be likely to write, for that he was in spite of his genius. He begged her, if she felt unable to return his affection, to keep his secret, for he said, 'My respect and affection for you are so great that I could not survive the mortification, if your refusal were known.'"

Cornelia Russ was sought in marriage by several distinguished persons, but she died unmarried, and she kept Whittier's secret. His poem suggests that the stern creed of Calvin held them apart—a thing very likely to happen in Connecticut half a century ago, but if he had known that she had changed her early connections for the more liberal associations of the Church of England he would have seen yet more distinctly that "shadow of himself in her," of which the poem speaks.

Those who are familiar with "Memories" will recall the "hazel eyes" and "light brown hair" which it commemorates, and fancy perhaps that there is some mistake. It is not likely that Whittier forgot the color of Cornelia's eyes or hair. In some effusive moment he had shown the poem to James T. Field and Edwin P. Whipple. In 1850, when Cornelia had been dead eight years, they wished to publish it, and he was very reluctant. He had not outgrown his early passion, and before it was printed undoubtedly changed a few descriptive words to screen the truth, it may be from Cornelia herself. She never saw it, but I think he died believing that she had.

Rumors of this story reached me long ago, but I would not print a mere surmise and by long and devious ways—leading through probate offices and town registers, through church records and private papers, in a varied correspondence, have I followed the story as I tell it.—Springfield Republican.

Gently Said.
"Really, Mr. Stalate," she persisted, "you have given me four hours of your time this evening."
"Why—er—upon my word! So I have. The hours pass like minutes when I am with you."
"You were telling me that since your promotion your time is valuable."
"Yes."

"Well, papa doesn't allow me to receive expensive presents from young men."—Washington Star.

Spotted.
Mr. Lightweight (airily, to conductor)—I wonder what that shabby old codger finds so attractive in this direction. He's been eying me for ten minutes.
Conductor (thoughtfully)—I guess he's wondering how you happen to be traveling on a pass. He's the president of the road.—New York Advertiser.

PERILS OF A MESMERIC EYE.

They Drive a Respectable, Clean Shaven Lawyer Into Whiskers.

A well known lawyer who has always taken considerable pride in the classic mold of his clean shaven face appeared in the county court rooms recently with a well developed growth of very unbecoming beard. Every friend that he met wanted to know why he didn't get shaved, and finally he corralled half a dozen of them in a corner and told them the reason.

He had never learned the art of shaving himself and had always patronized one barber. Not long ago the barber dropped into the habit of telling him that he (the lawyer) had a mesmeric eye. The lawyer didn't mind much what his barber thought of his eye so long as he shaved him satisfactorily. But having discovered that the lawyer's eye was mesmeric the barber went a step further and once in awhile, after making a slip with the razor, would explain that it was because he was mesmerized, so that he did not know what he was about. Matters went on this way for a week or so, the barber insisting that he was mesmerized every time the lawyer looked squarely at him, and the lawyer took it for granted that the mesmeric business was a dodge to excuse the occasional cuts from the razor.

A different aspect was put to the case, however, the last time the barber shaved his lawyer customer. Leaning over him after he had finished, he asked if the lawyer thought a man would be excusable for cutting the throat of one who mesmerized him. The lawyer said he certainly would not be excusable as he got out of the chair as quickly as possible. He learned afterward that the barber had developed into a perfect crank on the subject of mesmerism, and that nothing would persuade him that he did not have a very narrow escape. He will probably go to another barber some time, but at present his nerves are so shaken by the occurrence that he prefers to wear an unbecoming beard to sitting down in any barber chair.—Chicago Tribune.

THE EARTH IS RUNNING SLOW.

But the Scientists Need Not Alarm One Seriously Yet.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to 32 seconds per century.

The main cause of this retardation is the friction caused by the tides, which act as a brake, the action of which has been calculated by this eminent physicist to be equal to a weight of 4,000,000 tons applied on the equator.

Other causes have also to be taken into account—as, for example, the increase in the size of the earth, due to the falling on it of meteoric dust, which, if deposited at the rate of one foot in 4,000 years, would produce the observed retardation by itself.

Such a phenomenon as the annual growth and melting of snow and ice at the poles is introducing irregularities into the problem, the growth at the poles, by abstracting water from the other parts of the ocean, accelerating the earth's motion, and the melting, by restoring the water, retarding it.

Against the retarding forces there has to be taken into account a probable acceleration, due to the gradual sinking of the earth by cooling, but this Lord Kelvin believes to be very small—perhaps not more than one six-thousandth part of the retardation due to tidal friction.

Professor Newcomb has declared from astronomical considerations that the earth went slow and lost seven seconds between 1850 and 1862, and then went fast and gained eight seconds between 1862 and 1872, changes of rate explainable by possible changes in the earth's shape, so slight as to be quite undetectable in astronomical observations.—Chicago Times.

English Accents.

The great French actor Febvre has an ambition or a dream that some day the stage of every country will speak the language of his country with a perfect accent and an academic unity.

"It is that very thing, the variety of accents, that makes English so puzzling to foreigners. Go into any of the first class comedy theaters in London. An actor enters. He speaks one English. Another walks on the stage. He speaks a second species. A third and a fourth have a third and a fourth variety. It is just as though, at the Comedie Francaise, one role were to be played by a Marseillais, another by a Bordelais, a third, by a Breton, each with his individual accent. A stranger would find it difficult to pose himself, to take his bearings. On one of my visits to London I was talking with the Prince of Wales. 'By the way, Febvre,' said he suddenly, 'how do you get along with English?' 'Ah, monseigneur,' I replied, 'the English I learned in Paris does not pass beyond the fortifications and is only spoken between Frenchmen!'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Out of Place.

"What," asked the king in the play, "are those Roman citizens doing over there?"

"Your majesty," rejoined the herald, "they are believed to be forming a plot."

"Tell them they mustn't," commanded the monarch, with asperity, not unmingled with ennui. "Admonish them that they are throwing their time away. Plots have no place in this kind of drama."

With which the king turned to the audience and sang with fine effect, "Her Auburn Tresses Wouldn't Stay In Curl."—Detroit Tribune.

A Realistic Dream.

"Taking the other day, as a brief respite from labor, a little nap at my desk," said a man, "I dreamed that I was smoking, and that I had swallowed a lot of smoke. I awoke coughing. Wasn't that kind of curious?"—New York Sun.

WITH MY PIPE.

When the wind blows cold and shrill through the black December night, And the oak logs pile the chimney, and the flame is leaping bright, When with tales are in order, and the children cease their play, I light my pipe contentedly and puff and puff away.

Puff, puff, puff! Though the wind the casement cuff, A full pipe of tobacco Brings me happiness enough.

Is sleep the time for dreaming? Well, I dream my dreams awake. I love the varying visions that a wreath of smoke can make. The scent of my tobacco makes me reconciled to stay In a world which hath no sorrow but a pipe can puff away.

Puff, puff, puff! Let the world go smooth or rough, A pipe of rich tobacco Brings me happiness enough.

In the blue smoke round me curling rise the sunbeams on the meadows and the ripple on the rills. And the valleys of Virginia seem to blossom with the May. And I hear the reapers singing as I puff and puff away.

Puff, puff, puff! What though fortune should rebuff? A pipe of fine tobacco Brings me happiness enough.

Old friends I loved come smiling through each misty wreath that curls. I hear the fiddle's music, see the red lips of the girls. The snows of life's December have a rainbow tinted ray. And a sweet face I remember makes me sigh and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff! Life is rosy, life is rough, But a pipe of sweet tobacco Brings me happiness enough.

But I smile, for I'm contented, and no visions can provoke. When the frosty air is scented with old time Came the girls I love are married, and their golden locks are gray.

Be my blessing to them carried as I puff and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff! Let the wind the casement cuff. A pipe of rare tobacco Brings me happiness enough.

—F. L. Stanton in Southern Tobacco Journal.

A DESERT MYSTERY.

Colonel Whitehead is a story teller from way back and has a reputation as a raconteur that spreads over a dozen western states and territories and from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. He has had innumerable thrilling adventures, both in war and in peace, and when in the proper humor he will spin yarns of the most absorbing interest by the hour.

One story that he related as we were jogging along behind the mules on a recent trip to the unexplored gateway of sheep—i. e., the sulphur banks of Kern county—is so unusual and strange that I will venture to repeat it.

"Some three years ago," said the colonel, "I was engaged in making a survey from Rogers, on the Mojave desert, to Antioch. We made rapid progress toward Fort Tejon pass, and it became necessary to check up the line, measuring distances from government corners, that the road might be accurately located upon the filing map. This work was assigned to an odd genius whom I will call Buck, a man past 65, tough as a knot and as wicked as a pirate. Frequently he would set his rickety old transit with the lens wrong end to, and after trying to locate the flag for 15 or 20 minutes he would discover his error, and then such swearing as he indulged in is rarely heard outside the forecastle of a man-of-war. I sometimes think the strange manifestation which I am about to relate to you might have been due to Buck's profanity. Certainly if man can ever have power to summon spirits, evil or good, from the nether world, Buck ought to have had that power in no small measure.

"I began the inspection of the survey preparatory to the right of way work, starting at Rogers, a desolate station on the A. and P. road, on the borders of an immense dry lake. We made our first camp some 15 miles west of that point. The regular survey camp was at this time near Gorman's Station, under the shadows of Mount Frazier. Our camp was a rude settler's cabin, and near it was a shack built with a little hay stored in it. A well of fairly good water close by made a comfortable camp a possibility. It was late in October, and the water had risen near the surface in the bed of the dry lake. We had eaten our supper the first night out and were having a quiet smoke, looking out over the desolate expanse of desert toward Lancaster, a station 25 or 30 miles to the southwest. Buck had been entertaining us with yarns about ghosts that he insisted haunted an old mining camp near Owens' lake and was inclined to feel hurt because I laughed at his tales.

"When darkness came on and only the outlines of the gaunt mountains across the desert were discernible in the starlight, Buck of a sudden said, 'Colonel, I never thought an engine headlight could be seen so plainly at Lancaster.'"

"Nor did I," was my reply, as I saw close to the ground at a distance difficult to estimate a round, strange colored light or ball of fire, very like a locomotive headlight. A moment's watching, however, soon convinced me that the light was erratic in its movements and was nothing more or less than a grand display of the 'ignis fatuus' or will o' the wisp, something I had seen many times at the ends of the spars or mastsheads of a ship at sea, but never on land or in such magnitude. I said to Buck: 'It's no headlight. It's one of your ghosts come to convince me of the truth of your stories.' He turned white as a sheet and grasped me by the arm, saying, 'It's coming dead for us, sure as we live.'"

"And so it was. Dancing up and down, it came nearer and nearer. I must confess it made even me a trifle nervous, while as for Buck he evidently took my joke about the ghost in dead earnest and was completely panic-stricken.

en. 'For God's sake!' he cried, 'let us get out of this,' and was on the point of jumping up and running off into the desert when all of a sudden the light disappeared and was seen no more that night.

"Buck finally quieted down, though I could see by his nervousness and frequent quick glances in the direction in which the light had appeared that he was still in dread of its reappearance.

"I discussed the matter with him for hours, trying to explain the real nature of the phenomenon, and that no possible harm could come of it. But he would not have it that way, and all that I could say did not influence his superstitious dread of the strange appearance.

"Colonel," he said, 'it's a hoodoo. This railroad scheme and its promoters will die suddenly. Sure!'

"I laughed at his fears, and we lay down to rather a restless night. The work in this section was not completed next day in time to return to the main camp, and half a dozen times in the course of the work Buck spoke about the 'ghosts,' as he persisted in calling the phenomenon, and he was even more muddled than usual in his manipulation of the transit. Finally his slowness caused night to come on before our task was completed, and we therefore returned at dusk to the same camping place as the night before.

"After we had eaten supper Buck said, 'Colonel, I never want to see that infernal light again. Ghosts or no ghosts, it's no good, and no luck will come of it.'"

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, apparently not more than a hundred yards away, the huge ball of fire appeared like a flash, dancing up and down and seemingly coming dead toward us. Now Buck became almost beside himself with terror. 'Let's go, and the quicker the better,' shouted my now thoroughly alarmed companion, but suddenly, as on the previous night, the light vanished. Buck then recovered some portion of his equanimity, and though he was still anxious to return to camp I finally persuaded him that there was danger that we would lose our way if we ventured out on the desert after dark, while if we remained there was nothing to be afraid of. Neither of us slept much, however, for I must confess that I had a sort of 'creepy' sensation myself, and we were up early next morning, completed our work and got an early start back to camp.

"While we were on the road Buck said: 'Colonel, I don't want to discourage you, but the people who are at the head of this scheme to build a competing railroad will die suddenly, and this work will stop. In fact, I wouldn't wonder if you and I both went over the range with them to keep them company. But they are going, sure!'

"How little you know!" I replied, and I could say no more, as my backers were then unknown.

"Now let me tell you the strange sequel. The very same week that Buck made his prediction the Barings failed. Early in November Henry D. Minot, the leading spirit and financial head of the enterprise, was killed in a railroad accident while returning from Washington, where he had concluded the purchase of General Beale's ranches in every detail save the passing of the papers and paying the money, the intention having been to subdivide that immense estate of 264,000 acres.

"On Thanksgiving day of the same month came orders to close the work, discharge everybody and break camp. The following year Allan Marvel, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, died after a brief illness, he having been the second backer of this great enterprise, and soon followed the death of Mr. Magoun of the great banking house of Baring, Magoun & Co., the third and last of the promoters of a rival railroad to the Southern Pacific system."

"What became of Buck?" I asked as the colonel paused.

"Buck? Just read that clipping," and the colonel took from his pocketbook a worn bit of newspaper and handed it to me. It read as follows:

BAGDAD, Colorado Desert, Jan. 15, 1889. An old inspector and surveyor known as Buck Pomroy disappeared mysteriously from his camp at this point three days ago, and no trace of him has been found. He was in company with two friends and was apparently in good health and spirits. They all retired as customary early in the evening, but in the morning Buck was missing, and diligent search has failed to find him. He went away just as he was rolled in his blankets—barefooted and half dressed. One of the men said he thought he heard Buck's voice in the night saying something about some ghosts being after him, but he thought it was a dream and so paid no attention to it. Buck has evidently joined that innumerable caravan of men whose bones whiten the remote sections of the desert and will doubtless remain forever without burial.

I folded up the clipping and returned it to the colonel. He put it back in his pocketbook without a word.—San Francisco Call.

Swells of Ancient Egypt.

From what has come down to us, written, painted or chiseled, the Egyptian lord must have been a great swell. The details of the twelfth dynasty show Egyptian elegance at its best. The lord has a male housekeeper, his maitre d'hotel, called "superintendent of the provision house." There was a "superintendent of the baking house," and the mixer of drinks had the title of "scribe of the sideboard." Perhaps he was a butler and regulated the supply of wines from the cellar. There were gardeners, porters and handicraft men, all busy in attending to the master. "A preparer of sweets" must have been a confectioner. The Egyptian, when he was no longer mortal, had hopes of being well fed in the hereafter, as he believed he would be nourished in his particular heaven with abundant goose and beef. Offerings to the gods show the variety of the Egyptian menu, and in one are included 10 kinds of cooked meat, 5 kinds of bird or game, 16 varieties of bread and cake, 6 assorted wines, 4 beers, 11 sorts of fruits and an endless number of sweet things.—New York Times.

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Driftwood Pete in Luck.

While splitting wood near his boat-house at the foot of Loughborough avenue a few days ago "Driftwood Pete" put him a lucky stroke of the ax, which put him in possession of nearly \$400 in gold. He was pouncing away at a hollow log when the ax cut through and struck against some metallic substance, which proved to be an iron pot tightly sealed. With eager haste he broke the top, and to his delight gold coins came rolling out. Upon counting the coins the find amounted to \$400.

The pot had been incased in the log apparently for a great number of years and is thought to have been hidden in the tree during the war. Where the tree came from will probably never be known. It had been felled somewhere up the river and drifted along with the current to yield its treasure to "Driftwood Pete."

"Driftwood Pete" has earned a livelihood all his life by catching driftwood and other floating articles on the Mississippi river during the summer months. It was several months ago that he caught the log which contained the pot of gold, and it had lain near his cabin ever since until yesterday, when he started to split it up for firewood.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Names and the Medals.

The director of the mint is having a terrible time trying to reduce the names of foreign exhibitors at the exposition to the dimensions of the medals granted by the bureau of awards. There is a little tablet on the medals which will contain at the utmost only 32 letters, and some of the foreign names contain 150 or 200 letters, which he does not know how to abbreviate. There is a Russian exhibitor, for example, whose four names contained more than 100 letters, and only one of them can be placed upon the medal. It is a very embarrassing and ticklish duty to make a selection, particularly when one is not familiar with the Russian language. The Germans, the Austrians, the Hungarians and the Bohemians are quite as bad, and as the list reads now less than half the foreign names can be properly inscribed. The director of the mint has therefore asked the assistance of the members of the diplomatic corps in Washington, and Secretary Carlisle will address a letter to the secretary of state requesting him to invite the ambassadors and ministers from the European countries to call at the mint bureau and edit the names of their constituents.—Chicago Record.

A Chicago Sewing Circle.

A Philadelphia organization that doesn't make much noise in the world is composed of seven young society belles who have organized a sewing circle that is conducted in a peculiar way. These girls, animated by a commendable desire to lend a helping hand to the deserving poor, formed a sewing circle and got right down to business, and before many weeks they had worked so industriously while they gossiped that they succeeded in completely clothing one poor boy. They were not satisfied with their efforts, however, and resolved upon a radical reform in their method of procedure. It was thought expedient to do their philanthropic sewing by proxy, and so it was agreed to engage an experienced seamstress to do the heavy work on clothing for little boys and girls of the slums. Now when the circle meets the seamstress goes to the place of meeting and works away industriously, while the seven belles exchange gossip and do fancy sewing and knitting.—New York Evening Sun.

Russia to Lose Time.

The continental nations of Europe are decidedly getting "badly left" in connection with the changing of meridian, hour and calendar. Thus a few years ago, when Italy, Spain, Austria and other southeastern states of Europe adopted the meridian and the mean time of Greenwich as their standard hour, it meant a loss clean and clear of from 4 to 12 hours to each of the countries in question. And now we are informed that Nicholas II is about to introduce the Gregorian system into the Russian empire. His subjects will have in that case an infinitely greater grievance than those of King Humbert and of Emperor Francis Joseph, for instead of merely losing a few hours, they will be doctored no less than 13 days, that being the extent to which Russia is behind the time of western civilization.—New York Tribune.

When It Was Cold In Chicago.

Chief Swenie's assistant, Marshal Masham, said there was a good deal of suffering among the firemen recently, but he had heard of no such incidents this winter as occurred one winter when he was at No. 1. "We were out at a fire over on the North Side where the wind from the lake had interrupted sweep. We had a stream playing on the blaze all night, when at once it seemed to stop. We discovered that the water froze in spite of the force, and there was an icicle as long as a telegraph pole and as big around as my wrist on the nozzle of the hose. The water in the hose froze to the engine. Mind you, I didn't see it. I wasn't there, but one of the men at No. 1 told me about it, and no one ever denied it. I have heard of nothing of the kind this winter."—Chicago Tribune.

Refuses to Give Her Picture.

One of the female members of the Colorado legislature has refused to have her picture taken in order to complete the group which an insane custom has made an essential feature of every legislative body. This refusal would raise the hope that the custom is about to be broken, and thus afford another substantial reason in vindicating the wisdom of electing women to office, except for the fact that the house has instructed the sergeant at arms to get the counterfitted presentment whether or not. It is not stated how the officer will proceed to carry out the orders of the house, but it is to be hoped that the lady will not yield to so unreasonable a demand.—Kansas City Times.

A MISCHIEVOUS CROW.

Not Afraid of a Gun and Liked Being Pelted by Boys.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which this crow stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Helter skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was painfully manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew bigger.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers that went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person that had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snowballed. He would stand upon an old tree stump and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say: "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it might be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children that came for water and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoted down into the cellar. The blows he could give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.—Malcolm Douglas in St. Nicholas.

A SMART CAT.

How He Convinced Himself That It Was His Own Image.

The late Dr. Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," gives two stories of cats, which, on seeing their own reflection in a looking glass, convinced themselves that the reflection was an illusion. In the case of a very intelligent cat of mine, he went, I think, a step beyond this—namely, he satisfied himself that it was in some way his own image. Even if my deduction is wrong, the first part of his proceedings was so singularly like those in Dr. Romanes' accounts that it seems as though it were a uniform law of cat nature to act in this way, and so far it may not be altogether uninteresting.

I put the cat on a table in front of a small toilet mirror. After looking at his reflection for a short while he went behind the glass. Then he returned to his seat in front and again watched it attentively. After a few moments he rapidly dashed behind it. He again returned to his seat in front of the glass, and while retaining his seat and keeping his eyes fixed on the image he struck about behind the glass with his paw in different directions.

His next action was, I fancy, suggested by seeing the image apparently strike with its paw also. Keeping his seat and retaining his eye fixed on the image, he proceeded to (if I may use the word) posture in front of the glass. He raised his paws alternately, licked them, touched the glass, moved his head, etc. I have tried to simply describe the facts and as far as possible avoid drawing conclusions.—Science Gossip.

Doctor Galapins.

Set upon the corner of a house, at the juncture of two streets at the old north end of Boston, is a bust of Esculapins. For many, many years it has been the visible sign that there is a drug store below.

Some time ago two visitors to the city time prowling about this ancient and historic ground once so aristocratic and now so squalid, and they came upon the time worn bust, for the presence of which they were not prepared. Still it seemed to them noteworthy, and they went into a shop to ask about it.

The clerk was most obliging and courteous.

"Oh, that?" he said. "That's old Dr. Galapins. I don't rightly know who he was, but I've an idea he used to practice down here!"—Youth's Companion.

Warmed by Their Dollars.

A trick of Canadian girls to keep the hands warm in severe weather is worth noting. They heat a number of silver dollars and slip them into a netted purse, carrying the latter in their muffs. The coins, treated in this way, retain the heat for several hours and can be utilized thrust inside the dress to protect the chest, or put about the throat, or applied almost anywhere about the body where the cold is most felt.—New York Times.

Grammatical Discussion.

Young Arduppe—Is it right to say "deem" or "consider," Miss Arress? Miss Arress—Oh, both are allowable. For instance, I deem you a nice young man, but I cannot consider you at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

SAM BROWN'S FIRST KILLING.

A Nevada Desperado Whose Career of Crime Was Started by a Bully.

"At my first meeting with Sam Brown, the famous desperado, he did me an honor that few men would care to receive," said Wash Parker, an old time Nevada. "He invited himself to be my traveling companion on a two days' wagon journey. I was starting out one morning with a wagon and pair of horses from a little mining settlement known then as Golferop. As I came opposite the hotel a large man standing on the veranda hailed me and asked if I was going to Virginia City. I answered yes, and he said:

"I reckon I'll go along with you. 'I'm Sam Brown,' he heaved. 'Maybe you don't have much confidence in me since hearing my name, but I reckon we'll travel along together all right.'"

"Well, there wasn't anything to be said but 'All right; jump aboard,' and Sam Brown, with a carpetbag in his hand and his pistols bulging under his coat, came out to the wagon and took his seat beside me. He proved a civil enough companion, and we got through to Virginia City all right, with nobody killed on the way. He had taken along a bottle of prepared cocktails, and I had a box of cigars, so that the time passed rather sociably as we made our journey together."

"We went into camp that night at Sandy Springs, about half way to Virginia City, and in the course of the evening he told me something of his life and adventures. One thing in particular that I remember was the way he came to start out on his career of killing. I don't recall whether it was in Texas or Missouri that this first affair happened, but it was when he was a hulking young fellow, green and chickenhearted, to use his own words in telling it. There was a certain gambler in a town where he was staying who used to bully and abuse him when they came together. Everywhere and whenever the gambler saw him in a saloon he would kick him about and drive him out of the place. One day a man unfriendly to this gambler said to Sam:

"Why do you stand all this abuse from that gambler? Take this pistol and the next time he crowds you kill him." "Sam took the advice and the pistol, and the next time the gambler went for him, instead of sneaking away and looking sorry, he shot his tormentor dead. After he had thus got his hand in killing men came easy to Sam, and he made a long score before his own time came."

"Though, as I said, we made our journey together all right, I knew it would take too little to set things to going all wrong for me thoroughly to enjoy Sam Brown's society. I wasn't sorry to set him down at the Primavera saloon in Virginia City, where we took a drink together, shook hands and went our different ways."—New York Sun.

LIVING ABROAD.

It Is Not So Cheap as It Is Commonly Reputed to Be.

"A man soon gets cured of many long cherished traditions respecting the cost of things in Europe by a little bit of personal contact with old world institutions," said Colonel W. C. Chapman of San Francisco. "I had an idea until I sojourned abroad one summer that the cost of living was much lower in London, for example, than in any American city. To my sorrow, I found out that to live in good style in London was dearer a good deal than to exist comfortably in New York."

"To be specific, I went to the Savoy, the best hotel in the great metropolis, and ordered a dinner not at all more elaborate than I am used to having at home. There are some excellent restaurants in Washington not noted for their cheapness where that dinner would have cost about \$5.50—certainly not more than \$6. The bill brought me called for \$2, or \$10 in American currency. Of course there was a small bottle of wine, but it was innocent of ice, as neither love, money nor tears will make those beautiful Britishers give you any ice with your drinks. I don't want to ever hear again of European cheap living. It's a myth. I can live better in this country on less money and have a ton of ice a day if I want it gratis. You may be able to live over there on a little money, but a man can exist very cheaply in China if he will limit himself to rice."—Memphis Commercial.

Those Irrepressibles.

It was at a large party. A gentleman had the misfortune to break a glass. Little Lena, who was standing near her mamma, raised herself on tiptoe and whispered, loud enough for all the company to hear:

"And one of the borrowed ones too!"

Later in the evening the hostess gave one of her little daughters a nice apple.

"Now, give your mamma a kiss, there's a dear," said the child's uncle.

"I'm not allowed to when she's painted her face."

Little Paul was sent with a bunch of flowers to the manager's wife on her birthday and waited in silence after he had been dismissed.

Lady—Well, my young man, what are you waiting for now?

Paul—Mamma said I was not to ask for a piece of birthday cake, but wait till I got it.—Tagliche Rundschau.

Rockers.

Rocking chairs of the styles prevailing nowadays are believed to have been invented in the present century. They are mentioned by Venerable Bede: "The women now are so luxurious that they do have chairs with wooden circles on the legs and which sway back and forth in such sort that it maketh one sick to behold them."

Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

Marie Antoinette, the queen of Louis XVI, gave a name to Marietta, O.

SECRETS OF THE HEART.

Deep down 'neath the bosom of the ocean, Unsound by plummet or line, At peace from the storm and commotion That rages o'er the billows of brine, There are secrets that time shall not fathom. There are jewels unknown to earth's mart, As deep, as true and as precious As the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

—Jessie Bartlett Davis.

SAWDUST VALUABLE.

Modern Discovery For the Utilization of a Heretofore Useless Offal.

One of the methods whereby profit has been made from sawdust is the manufacture from it of oxalic acid, which is a simple process, producing a material in wide commercial demand in the art of dyeing and other chemical arts. As intimated, the process is not only simple, but the outfit for conducting it does not involve a large investment. The principles involved are not complicated, and the process can be carried out by cheap labor under the superintendence of a fairly intelligent director.

Oxalic acid is frequently met with in the vegetable kingdom, especially in combination with gases which destroy its poisonous character. Oxalate of lime is found in considerable quantity in the rhubarb plant. Oxalate of potash is found in the sorrel, and oxalate of soda in salicornia and sal soda. Formerly the acid was obtained from the sorrel, Oxalis acetosella, but more recently from sugar by the action of nitric acid upon it. The nitric acid and sugar are boiled for some time, then evaporated to dryness, and the oxalic acid formed is purified by crystallization from water. A much cheaper material than sugar is sawdust. In this case an alkali must be employed instead of an acid, as well as at a higher temperature. The operation is conducted in an iron vessel of suitable size and shape, and either caustic soda or potash is employed, the yield being greater with the latter.

Some recent experiments made go to prove that a mixture of 40 parts of caustic potash to 60 parts of caustic soda will produce as large a yield as when potash alone is used, provided the operation be performed in shallow vessels with thin layers of the material, avoiding as far as possible the fusing of the mass. Soft woods, such as pine and fir, produce larger quantities of oxalic acid than hard wood like oak. The proportion of the wood to alkali should not exceed 75 to 100, and the temperature should be about 480 degrees F.—Philadelphia Press.

Might or Right.

I have often asked my radical friends what is to be done if, out of every hundred enlightened voters, two-thirds will give their votes one way, but are afraid to fight, and the remaining third will not only vote, but will fight, too, if the poll goes against them. Which has, then, the right to rule? I can tell them what will rule. The brave and resolute minority will rule. Plato says that if one man was stronger than all the rest of mankind he would rule all the rest of mankind. It must be so, because there is no appeal. The majority must be prepared to assert their divine right with their right hands, or it will go the way other divine rights have gone before.

I will not believe the world to have been so ill constructed that there are rights which cannot be enforced. It appears to me that the true right to rule in any nation lies with those who are best and bravest, whether their numbers are large or small, and three centuries ago the best and bravest part of this English nation had determined, though they were but a third of it, that pope and Spaniard should be no masters of theirs.—Froude in Longman's Magazine.

Fortune's Freaks.

Twenty years ago a young man married one of the smartest young ladies anywhere round, and the young couple seemed to start in life with every prospect of happiness. But the girl was ambitious to be rich, and because she was not very much dissatisfied. After keeping her husband in a peck of trouble for a time she left him and got a divorce. He went into bankruptcy, and she very soon married a wealthy man and rode behind a span in a elegant carriage. (Today the former bankrupt is wealthy and prosperous, has a new wife and a happy home. Every comfort surrounds them. His wife of other days now lives in poverty and has to scrub for the bread she eats. Her husband's wealth, under poor management, shrank to worse than nothing. The roses have gone from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. It's as complete a turn around as one ever saw.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Not Sensitive.

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?

Pauline (who doesn't know of the engagement)—Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by 14 girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be sensitive. Why, Sophy, what's the matter?

She had fainted.—London Tit-Bits.

A Humble Part.

Theodore—I always read the parliamentary reports very carefully, but have never come across any speech of yours yet.

Bernard (M. P.)—How is that? Have you never noticed the words, "Cheers and hear, hear?" That's where I come in.—Stuivers' Blade.

Bulwer-Lytton knew all the odds and other poems of Horace by heart. He translated large portions of Horace's poems into English verse.

The greatest celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles was held B. C. 1004 at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

Roman ladies had safety pins closely resembling the modern article.

The straw of rye is often of far more value than the grain.

WINTER.

Old Winter is a sturdy one, And lasting stuff he's made of. His flesh is firm as iron stone. There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath, Nor yet to warm it lingers. He secures the thought of aching teeth Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing Full little cares or knows he. He hates the fire and hates the spring And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud On frozen hill and river; When round the fire the people crowd And rub their hands and shiver;

When frost is splitting stone and wall, And trees come crashing after, That hates he not; he loves it all; Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the north pole's strand, Where earth and sea are frozen. His summer house, we understand, In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the north he's hither hied To show his strength and power, And when he comes we stand aside And look at him and cower.

—American Woman's Journal.

THE GOOD UN.

An air of gloom pervaded the store. Outside the rain came pattering down. It ran in torrents off the porch roof and across the entrance made a formidable moat, which had been temporarily bridged by an old box. It gathered on the limbs of the leafless trees and poured in steady little streams upon the backs of the three forlorn horses that, shivering under waterlogged blankets, stood patiently, with hanging heads, at the long hitching rail. Within everything was dry, to be sure, but the firewood, which was damp and would not burn, so the big egg stove sent forth no cheerful rays of heat and light. Out from its heart came the sound of sizzle and splutter as some isolated flame attacked a piece of water soaked hickory. It seemed to have conveyed its ill humor to the little group around it.

The tinsmith arose from the nail keg upon which he had been seated, walked disconsolately to the door and gazed out through the begrimed glass at the dreary village street. He stood there a moment and then lounged back to the group about the stove, and as he rubbed his hands on the pipe in a vain effort to absorb a little heat he grumbled:

"This here rain's upset all my calculations. I was goin ter bile tomorrow, but you uns don't ketch me makin cider on such a day as this. Me weemen say'd that they'd hev th' schnitz done up terday, an we could start th' kittles airy in th' mornin. Now, all this time is loss."

The lad departed. The chronic loafer leaned back on two legs of his chair and said, "Speakin of apple butter bilin remin's me of a good un I hed on me missus las' week."

"Et aller remin's me," interposed the tinsmith, "thet I met Abe Scissors up ter preachin last Sunday, an he was word'n rin when you was goin ter return his copper kittle."

"Abe Scissors needn't git worrit 'bout his kittle. I've a good un on him as well as on th' missus. His copper!"

The farmer, who was almost hidden from view by the stove, at this juncture leaned forward in his chair and interrupted: "But Abe Scissors ain't got no kittle. Thet there!"

"Let him tell his good one," cried the teacher. "He's been tryin it every night this week. Let's get done with it."

"Th' missus made up her min she'd bile apple butter this year despite all me object'n's, an two weeks ago this comin Saturday she done et. They ain't no trees on our lot, so I got John Longneck ter give me six bushel of pippins an York Imper'als mixed on condition I helped with his thrashin next month. I give Hiram Thompson that there red shoe I've ben fattenin fer a bawrl of cider. She'd cal'lated ter put up 'bout 14 gallon of butter. I said et was all foolersness, fer I could buy et a heap sifter cheaper an was gittin tired of Pennsylvania salve anyway. Fer all year round, zulkicks is 'bout th' best thing ter go with bread."

"Mentionin zulkicks," interrupted the storekeeper, "remin's me thet yesterday I got in a bawrl of th' very finest. Et's none of yer common cookin m'lasses, but was made special fer table use."

"I'll bring a tin down an hev et filled," continued the loafer, "fer there's nothin better'n plain bread an zulkicks. But she don't see things my way allus, an there was nothin but fer me ter borry th' storekeeper's horse an wagon an drive over ter Abe Scissors' an git th' loan of his copper kittle an stirrer."

"But Abe Scissors ain't got no copper kittle," cried the farmer vehemently.

"He say'd et was his copper kittle," the chronic loafer replied, "an I didn't ast no questions. He 'lowed I could hev et just as long as I didn't burn et, fer he claimed he give \$25 fer et et a sale las' spring. Hevin made sa'sfact'ry 'rangements fer th' apples, cider, kittle an stirrer, they was nothin left ter do but bile. Two weeks ago tomorrow we done et. Missus invited sev'ral of her weemen frien's in th' day before ter help schnitz, an I tell yer what with talkin 'bout how many apples was needet with so much cider biled down ter so much, an how much sugar an cinnamon order be used fer so many crocks of butter, then folks hed a great time. When they finished their cuttin an parin, they was a washtub an half full of th' finest schnitz you uns ever seen."

"Borryed my washtub still," exclaimed the shoemaker.

"Next mornin we was up at 6 o'clock, an hed th' fire goin in th' back yard, an th' kittle rigged over et, an hed begun ter bile down thet bawrl of cider. Bilin down ain't bad, fer they ain't nothin ter do. Et's when yer begins puttin in th' schnitz, an hes ter stir, ketches you."

"I didn't 'low I'd stir. Missus, when th' cider was all biled down ter a kittleful, say'd I'd hev ter, but I claimed thet I'd worked 'nough gittin th' things. Besides I'd a 'pointment ter see Sam Shores, th' stage driver, when he come through here thet afternoon. Missus an her weemen frien's grumbled, but begin dumptin th' schnitz with th' bilin order an ter do their own stirrin. I come over here an was waitin fer Shores ter come. After an hour I concided I'd run over ter th' house an git a drink of cider. I went in th' back way, an there I seen like Lauterbach's wife standin alone stirrin. Missus hed jest dumpted th' las' of thet tubful of schnitz inter th' kittle an was in th' house with th' rest th' weemen."

"When Missus Lauterbach seen me, she sais pleasantlike: 'I'm so glad you come. Your wife and th' rest of th' ladies hes made a batch of cookies. Now, you jest stir here a minute, an I'll go git some for you.'"

"I was kinder afraid ter take hold on thet there stirrer, so say'd I'd git 'em meself, but she 'sisted she'd b'right out, an foolish I truck th' han'le. Well, I tell you I regret et th' minute I done et. I stirred an stirred, an Mrs. Lauterbach didn't come. Then I hear th' weemen laughin in th' house like they'd die."

"Me wife she puts her head out th' windy an sais, 'Jes keep on stirrin there an don't you dast stop, fer th' butter'll stick ter th' kittle an burn et if you does.'"

"Down went th' windy. I was jest thet hoppin mad I'd a notion ter quit right there an leave th' ole thing burn, but then I was afraid Abe Scissors might kerry on if I did. So I stirred an stirred an stirred. I tell you I don't know any work as mean as thet. Stop movin th' stick, an th' kittle burns. If you ever done et you'll know et ain't no man's work."

"Th' weemen allus does et with us," said the tinsmith in a superior tone. "I cal'lated they was ter do et with us," the Chronic Loafer continued, "but I mistook. I stirred an stirred an stirred. Th' fire got hotter an hotter an hotter, an as et got warmer th' han'le of thet stirrer seemed ter git shorter, an me face began ter blister. I kep et up for an hour an a half, tell me legs was near givin' way under me, me fingers was stiff an achin, me arms felt like they'd drop off from pushin an twistin thet long stick about th' pot. Th' apples was all dissolved, but th' butter was thin yet, an I knowed et meant about three hours before we could take th' kittle off th' fire."

"Then I yelled fer help. One of th' weemen come out, an I was jest thet mad I swore, but she laughed an poked some more wood in th' fire an say'd I didn't push th' stick livelier th' kittle'd burn. Th' fire blazed up hotter an hotter, an et seemed me clothes'd begin ter smoke et any minute. Me arms an legs was achin more an more, an me back was almost broke from me tryin ter lean away from the heat. Me neck was 'most twisted off be me 'temptin ter keep th' blaze from blindin me. Et come 4 o'clock, an I yelled fer help ag'in. Th' missus stuck her head out th' windy an called, 'Don't you let thet kittle burn!'"

"I was 'most desprit, but I kep' stirrin an stirrin an stirrin. I don't know how I done et, fer et seemed I'd hev ter stop et any minute. Et come sundown an begin ter git darker an darker, an th' butter was gittin thicker an thicker, but I knowed be th' feel thet they was a couple of hours yet. I begin ter think of lettin th' ole thing drop fer Abe Scissors' kittle burn, fer I hold et didn't hev no business ter len me his copper pot when he knowed well enough et 'ud spoil of I ever quit stirrin. Oncet I was fer lettin her get a slippin over here ter th' store, fer I heard sev'ral of th' fellers drive up an hitch an th' door bang shot. But when I tried ter drop th' stirrer I just couldn't. Me fingers seemed ter think et wasn't right an held ter thet ole pole, an me arms kep' pushin et, though every motion give me an ache. I jest didn't dast, but kep' stirrin an stirrin an thinkin an word'n rin who was over here an what was doin. An as I kep' on pushin an pushin thet pole an thinkin an thinkin, I clean forgot meself an all about th' apple butter."

"I come to with a jump, fer some un hed me be th' beard! When I looked up, I seen th' missus an her weemen frien's standin around me, gesticlatin an talkin. Th' missus was wavin what was left of th' stirrer. Et was jest 'bout half as long as when I begin with et, fer th' crosspiece that runs down inter th' butter an th' biggest part th' han'le was burned off. Seems I'd got th' ole thing clean out of th' kittle an hed ben stirrin et 'round th' fire."

"Reflex action," exclaimed the schoolteacher.

"Th' butter was fairly smokin, an th' kittle—well, say, if thet there wasn't jest as black as th' inside as et was iron 'stead of copper. An wasn't them weemen mad! Maybe et was reflect actin in they done, as the teacher say'd, but whatever et was et skeered me considerable, they kerryed on so. But final I seen how funny et was, how th' joke was on th' missus who'd 'lowed all her apple butter, 'stead of on me, an how I'd got square with Abe Scissors fer lendin me his ole copper kittle, when he knowed et 'ud burn if I ever stopped stirrin. An I jest laughed."

The chronic loafer leaned back in his chair and chuckled loudly. The farmer arose and walked around the stove.

"What fer a kittle was thet?" he asked in a low, pleasant tone. "Was they a big S stamped on th' inside, up next th' rim?"

"Thet's th' one, he, he!" cried the loafer with great hilarity. "S fer Scissors an!"

"S stands fer soda too. My name's Soda, an I lent thet kittle ter Abe Scissors three weeks ago," yelled the farmer.

The loafer gathered himself together and arose from the muddy pool at the foot of the stove steps. He gazed ruefully for a moment at the closed door and seemed undecided whether or not to return from whence he had been so unceremoniously ejected. Then the sound of much laughing came to his ears, and he exclaimed, half aloud:

SPEED ON RAILWAYS.

THE FLIERS ON AMERICAN, GERMAN AND ENGLISH LINES.

Curves and Grade Crossings the Great Drawbacks in This Country—Limited Trains Do Not Pay Expenses, but They Benefit the Service in Other Ways.

The writer broached the subject of fast trains recently to one of the shrewdest civil engineers employed on one of the roads entering Washington. This employee has made railroad a life study, has inspected the railroads of Europe and speaks by the card. He said:

"If our railroads could spare the money to elevate their tracks in cities and at crossings, to say nothing of completing the work of straightening out curves, now going on, I, for one, will predict that we can make an average of 50 miles an hour between New York and Chicago. I say this with the Alleghany mountains almost staring me in the face. We might lose time going up that range, but engineers, as a rule, like to coast, and wouldn't they slide down the other side with a roadbed minus curves and grade crossings! In the matter of cost in making improvements, few people are aware of the expense attached thereto. In round numbers our road 'blew' in July \$5,000,000 in the latter part of 1893 and the beginning of 1894. That was before the financial depression set in. We are now resting on our oars. We cut one curve over a mile long, and the work cost us fully \$500,000. Other roads have been doing likewise, and with the return of a prosperous period we will surprise the world, and especially the English, with the average speed our trains will attain.

"Many people will be surprised to learn that Germany and not this country or England furnishes the fastest train in the world. The United States comes second and England third. The German train runs from Berlin to Hamburg, a distance of 178 miles, in 204 minutes, an average outside speed—that is, not counting stops, of over 53 miles an hour. The Empire State express on the New York Central road runs from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles, in 520 minutes, and its outside speed average is nearly 51 miles an hour. The fastest English train, that comes third on the list, is called the 'west coast flier' and runs from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 400 miles, at an average outside speed of 50 miles an hour.

"The farther we go west the slower the train service becomes, a thing not looked for on account of the miles and miles of track traversing prairie land. The Burlington road's best train averages about 36 miles an hour. That on the Milwaukee road, the limited, can only reach an average of 34 miles an hour. The Denver limited, on the Northwestern road, has to hustle to score an average gait of 29 miles an hour.

"Very few of the fast limited trains in this country pay for the expense of running them, and it is an open secret that the limited between this city and New York, the limited between New York and Chicago and the Empire State express between New York and Buffalo and the Chicago limited on the New York Central road cost their respective roads a good deal more than they bring in, but they are great advertisers for their respective roads.

"The advantages of fast train service on well built and well equipped railroads are not confined to the carrying of passengers swiftly from one point to another. They are felt all through the operating department of a road and exercise an important disciplinary influence. The running of such extraordinary fast trains as the Congressional limited and the Empire State express has had a wonderful effect in increasing the vigilance and efficiency of all the trainhands. The schedules on which such trains are run require the most arbitrary enforcement, and they consequently keep the men all along the line traversed constantly on the alert. Each man is made to feel his full share of the burden of responsibility, and the never ceasing admonition to 'watch for the flier' reduces to a minimum personal inclinations to be slack or neglectful. The telegraph operators have a suspension of 30 days staring them in the face for the slightest delay to the limited, and similar penalties are imposed on other employees.

"Besides this stimulus to duty the fast trains serve as an incentive to the men to strive for promotion. Conductors, engineers, firemen and other hands on the limited get more pay than do the men employed on the trains of subordinate grade. That the 'flier,' in its general sense, is actually an improving influence in railroad is evidenced by the remarkable careers of the Congressional, the Royal Blue and the Empire State express. These are the fastest trains in this country and have been running several years back, and with one unimportant exception, have met with no mishap. These trains pass through year after year without a single mishap, and I believe it is all from the discipline put upon the employees by the fast service. The men take a pride in the fast trains."—Washington Star.

Churning.

Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins which were shaken or beaten until the butter came. The Huns did their churning by tying a bag of milk to a short latia, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle. The horse was put at a brisk gallop, and after a round of some miles the churning was considered to be accomplished.

Paradoxical.

Maud—They ought not to allow marriages between cousins.

Mario—Why not?

Mario—Because if you marry your cousin your own children are so closely related to you. They are only your second cousins.—London Tit-Bits.

SOME INTERESTING LAMPS.

Very Many Incandescent Lights That Are Real Wonders.

Electric lamps are made of all sizes, from 100 candle power and over down to one-half candle, but the small ones are decidedly the most interesting and picturesque. At a large factory there is a special department devoted to decorative and miniature lamps of all shapes and colors, curious and beautiful. There are "candelabra" lamps, much used for lighting private residences, and which are generally ten candle power. Some of them are pear shaped, while others are long and tapering and of an extremely graceful form. They are often fitted to receptacles concealed in imitation candles, and while they have all the warmth and elegance of the old fashioned wax tapers they give a far steadier and brighter light. One of the most striking styles is the "flame" lamp, which is a narrow cone of glass, twisted spirally and frosted. It has the beauties of a brightly burning flame, with none of the drawbacks.

There is the eight candle power "kinetoscope" lamp, which illuminates the photographs on the rapidly moving celluloid strip in Edison's remarkable picture gallery. A one candle power lamp is used for night work in telephone exchanges. One is placed in each panel of the switchboard and lights up whenever a call comes to its territory and stays lit until the call is answered, so that one or two operators can easily manage all the night business wherever it is not very heavy.

Many varieties of lamps are arranged to take their current from batteries. Among these is the one candle power miner's lamp, of a flat shape, with metal loops at top and bottom, so that it can be hooked upon springs in the miner's lantern and held steady. The lamp and the battery together are not heavy. Then there are bicycle lamps, microscope lamps, and lamps for medical and dental work. Some of the lamps used for illuminating the interior of the mouth, throat and nose are extremely small, generally cylindrical in shape, a quarter inch or less in diameter and from half an inch to an inch long. But the tiniest of all is the "pea" lamp, a glass sphere one-quarter of an inch in diameter.—Cassier's Magazine.

Forming Characters.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness not only of the present but every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both, and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life.—Elihu Burritt.

Calvinized.

One very hot day the late Dr. George E. Ellis, the historian, going to an informal dinner with a friend, wore a very comfortable but unfashionable thin coat and manilla hat. A notoriously orthodox clergyman began to banter the Unitarian divine regarding his big straw hat, whereupon Dr. Ellis replied that he would not have a word said against that article of apparel, inasmuch as it had been a good friend of his for four years. "Why," exclaimed his friend, "how could it have lasted so long?" "Because it has been Calvinized," replied Dr. Ellis. The host, misunderstanding the word, inquired with amazement how the hat could be Calvinized. But Dr. Ellis, with a sly twinkle in his eye, looked straight at the orthodox minister as he replied: "I did not say 'Calvinized.' I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in brimstone."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Metatarsalgia.

Metatarsalgia, or fourth toe disease, has been the subject of much scientific discussion. Many patients have been operated on, the operation consisting of the removal of a portion of the bone of the toe, which had become highly inflamed. A new form of treatment is that of shaping the shoe that the weight will not come directly upon the ball of the foot, but slightly back of the ball, and this is secured by making the ankle and instep close fitting and the toe and ball very broad and easy. One physician advises that a depression be made in the sole of the shoe just beneath the fourth toe, so that there shall be no pressure from any direction. This works well in some cases, but in others the surgical remedy is the only successful one.—New York Ledger.

Idol Worship.

I have never had the opportunity of examining the idol worshiping mind of a savage, but it seems possible that the immutability of aspect of his little wooden god may sometimes terrify him with an astounded awe, even when and indeed especially after he had thrashed it.—"Rhoda Fleming," George Meredith.

Lincoln's memory for the details of national business was unexampled. He recalled the particulars of every cabinet meeting with the most scrupulous exactness.

Needles antedate history. They were first made in America in 1880.

THE NOW AND THEN.

The globe, like all the universe That fills the niche profound, Whirls on as endless cycles tick Its high appointed round. The must of need is laid on man, He meets it with his will; Their contact brings forth fate, and Jack And Jill went up the hill!

Oh, baseless fabrics of the air! Oh, youth's enchanted lands! What castles made of dreams are reared On fancy's shifting sands! Avails an Eden is the lot Of every son and daughter Eve gives unto the world. They went To fetch a pail of water.

What are we but the toys of fate? Dark courses in the sky Map out to credulous gaze Where suns lived but to die; Volcanoes yawn and jibe at man, His mocks the earthquake's laughter. Then Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling after.

Each heart some trace of Egypt has, Where ruins, deserts, lie, And o'er them all the sphinx looms up With its eternal why. Perhaps the hill the pair went up Was a tank built by the town And scared to death they feared its banks Might break ere they walked down. —Philadelphia Times.

THE BIBLE.

Manuscripts of the New and the Old Testaments Often Rewritten.

The New Testament, as we know it, comes down to us after having been kept for hundreds of years in manuscript form by the priests, "fathers of the church," and others. The writings have been copied and recopied probably scores of times, at least as often as occasion required, being always renewed before becoming unintelligible by use and wear. The two oldest of these manuscripts now known are the Codex Sinaiticus and the Codex Vaticanus, each of which dates from the fourth century, A. D. The languages originally used in this work were Hebrew and Greek, but after the year 300 A. D. the manuscripts were all, or nearly all, written in Latin. The last mentioned language was that adopted by the Roman church in their translations and was known as the "Vulgate," because commonly used in the churches. As far back as the seventh century portions of the Vulgate were translated into old English, and it was also the version used by Wickliffe (Wycliffe), Purvey and their predecessors and was the first book printed from movable type, 1450-5.

Tyndale's version was from a German translation of the original Greek, made by Martin Luther.

The "authorized version," or King James' translation, was made by 47 of the most eminent British scholars and was finished in the year 1611. The Latin Vulgate was the main version used by them; but, so far as they were accessible, other manuscripts, both in the Greek and Hebrew, were consulted and compared.

The manuscripts of the Old Testament have had similar experiences, having been written and rewritten thousands of times since the first collection was put in writing by the priests and leaders of the Israelites, about the year 1500 B. C. All of the older copies have, of course, been worn out or lost ever since long before the birth of Christ, the oldest copies in manuscript form now in existence, so far as is known, dating from the year 500 A. D.—St. Louis Republic.

Jewish Immunity From Disease.

Out of a total population in New York of 1,891,000, 70.46 per cent, or 1,333,000, live in 39,138 tenement houses. Apartment houses of the better class are not included among tenement houses. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the lowest death rate in the city is in one of the most thickly settled tenement house districts, occupied by some of the poorest people, in the wards where the Jewish population is the densest. The death rate among the crowded Jews was in 1891 only 18.73 to each 1,000, and in 1893 only 17.14. The comparatively clean habits of these Jews, their observance of the Mosaic law about food and their abstinence from alcoholic liquors are given as explanations of their low death rate. In the Italian districts the death rate is double what it is among the Jews and the population not so dense, and even in the wards occupied by wealthy people the death rate is greater than among the Jews. The Fourth, Fourteenth and Eighth are the Italian wards, and the death rate in 1893 was 33.78, 35.12 and 31.98 respectively.—Springfield Republican.

The Kaiser's Uniforms.

The task of looking after the uniforms and other costumes of the Emperor William is by no means a sinecure. All these different and greatly varying articles of attire, as diversified as those at the disposal of a star actor, are carefully kept, systematically arranged and in large wardrobes, and at the head of the department is an official entitled the obergarderobier, who has under his command two valets de chambre. The national uniforms are placed under the charge of an ex-subofficer of the German navy. Before the emperor undertakes any one of his many expeditions the obergarderobier is provided with an exhaustive list of all the dresses and other paraphernalia that will be required.—London Tit-Bits.

Knew All About It.

Overheard in crowd watching a balloon go up? Mrs. Harris—How do they make the balloon go up? Mrs. Gamp—They toss some sand out, to be sure.

Mrs. Harris—And what do they do when they want to come down? Mrs. Gamp—They put some more in, of course.—Pick Me Up.

"The Feast of Fools" was a name given by the monks to the Christian holiday which took the place of the Saturnalia.

Pemhina, the Dakota city, is said to have an Indian name meaning red berry.

THE MODERN OYSTER STEW.

The Middle Aged Man Contrasts It With the Stew of Before the War.

"When I was a boy, before the war," said a middle aged man, "the price of an oyster stew in a good ordinary restaurant was 12½ cents. The price has gradually gone up until now, in a good restaurant, an ordinary stew costs 25 cents. In the old restaurant there was a cloth upon the table, but this cloth, unless you happened to find it when it had just been put on, was apt to be frescoed with coffee stains. There were catchup and vinegar and so on, some of them perhaps in bottles in a casket. Perhaps the waiter gave you a pickle or two. The light was not very bright. The waiter brought the stew in an oyster plate, and as the hot broth washed about a little in the plate as he carried it and set it down you were afraid it might burn his thumb. But the oysters were good. Let me pause to remark that the oyster is something to be grateful for.

"Today the table, without a cloth perhaps, is cherry or mahogany, finely polished. For a cloth there is spread before you a napkin of ample dimensions and bright and fresh. The pickle is chopped up celery and very good. You get two kinds of crackers, and plenty of them, and a generous portion of French bread. The butter comes in a slightly little cone. The table furniture is all good—dishes, glass, everything. The spread before you is agreeable to the eye, and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with the modern incandescent lamps. The stew comes in an oval dish that rests upon a plate. I don't like to eat out of such a dish so as I do out of a plate, but you know at least there is no danger burning the waiter's thumb. The oysters are good; the whole arrangement is away beyond the stew of before the war. It costs more, but are we not better able to pay for it? For general get up and get dash and style and comfort the old stew couldn't begin to compare with it. The modern oyster stew is one of many things that we do an everlasting sight better than we did."—New York Sun.

THREE THRILLING TALES.

The Liars' Club Awarded Prizes to These Short Stories.

After his narrow escape Zeb Vaughan of Pasadena fell on his knees and thanked heaven for a miraculous deliverance from certain death. So would any one else who had been grappled in the iron clutch of a 1,400 pound grizzly while ten miles from a gun or a cabin. Zeb never lost his presence of mind and began tickling the bear's ear with a feather he had picked up absentmindedly, and the bear began laughing so hard that he could neither close his arms to squeeze nor his mouth to bite. Zeb continued tickling until the bear laughed so hard that he burst a blood vessel and fell down, dying.

A couple of Montana turkeys recently killed had taken into their aristocratic crawls to assist in deglutition 13 valuable sapphires, several ounces of gold and just enough silver for change. It is now fashionable among Montana poultry to have jeweled interiors, and it is estimated that the emulous fowls of the new state have within 11 months of 1894 scratched up and swallowed \$11,637,514.63 worth of gems and precious metals.

A girl in Kalamazoo who was not satisfied with squeezing a 36 inch waist into an 18 inch corset of the ordinary construction, devised one of rope yam ribbed with clothesline. Thus arrayed she took a bath, when the wetted and contracting fiber brought the measurement down to 9½ inches. In delight she gasped: "Oh, haven't I got—a just lovely figure now? And it's—so loose—and comfortable."—New York Advertiser.

Potatoes as Penholders.

"It is surprising," says a commercial traveler, "how general the use of potatoes as penholders is becoming in hotels. I have seen them in use in great hostleries of the east, whose owners wouldn't hesitate for a moment to spend \$10 for a desk ornament to hold pens used by the guests in registering. The mixture of starch, glucose and water in the potato seems well adapted to take up the impurities of ink and to keep the pen point clear and bright, while the alkaloid of the potato, known as solanine, doubtless has something to do with it in the same line. These elements readily take up the tannate of iron, which is the body substance of ink. Chemically speaking, starch is the first base of a potato, and sugar or glucose is its second base. Thus is the humble potato finding another way in which to serve the uses of mankind."—New York Tribune.

A Mean Trick.

"My husband played such a mean trick on me," said one woman to another on the street car the other day. "How?" asked the friend sympathetically. "Why, I found he was smoking 50 cents' worth of cigars a day, and I got him to agree to give me as much pin money a week as smoking cost him. He stuck to it one week."

"And then what?"

"He bought a clay pipe and a pound of 10 cent tobacco and cut my pin money down to 2 cents a week."—Exchange.

Explained.

Two friends, a weaver and a tailor, became in time enemies, so much so that the tailor spoke much evil of the weaver behind his back, though the weaver always spoke well of the tailor. Upon a lady asking the weaver why he always spoke so well of the tailor, who spoke so ill of him, he replied, "Madam, we are both liars."—Humor of Spain.

No Cash.

"Why so glum?" asked his friend. "Aren't you doing a roaring business?"

"Yes, I am," admitted the bass, "but it is all on notes."—Cincinnati Tribune.

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